Watson's Magazine

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Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

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King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens, and Popes.

THOSE who are deeply interested in the problems of sexual reproduction among human beings, may search far into the curious puzzles of *dynasties*, among which are the hereditary pig-headedness of the Bourbons, the unfeeling cruelty of the Hapsburgs, the abnormal arrogance of the Hohenzollerns, and the despotic temperament of the Tudors. In the case of these last, two ancient and illustrious stocks had been united, to produce Henry VIII., a wonderfully fine flower of physical and mental manhood; but, although he had six wives and several mistresses, he was never blessed with a long-lived, *normal* child.

As we have already seen, his illegitimate son, Henry Fitzroy, died early, leaving no issue; and the only other son, the legitimate offspring of the marriage with Jane Seymour, was a frail lad, threatened with consumption.

On his deathbed, King Henry VIII. was surrounded by the Protestant lords, most of whom had been enriched with abbey lands, and by priests who, like Cranmer, favored the Reformation. It is highly probable that these men were the authors of the will, which the King was said to have signed; and the fact that they kept his death concealed from the public for three days, indicates that they were preparing to meet any opposition that might confront a Protestant regency.

This testamentary disposition of England, by a dying King, vividly illustrates the dynastic ideas which then prevailed, and which for centuries had considered *peoples* the mere chattels of "Divine Right" *families*.

The last will of Henry VIII. treated the English crown as his private property, a part of his wardrobe, as fully his own as the horse that he rode to the chase.

The heirs named in this testament were not to receive the throne from the English parliament, or the English people, but from *him*, Henry Tudor.

His father had obtained supreme power, not from the nation, but "from God;" and as he had inherited from this divinely chosen sire, so *his* son and daughters should inherit from *him*, in manner, form, and condition as prescribed in "this my last will and testament."

The only son was to come first, of

course, and to be protected by sixteen executors during his minority.

The will bore the date of December 30th, 1546, and the boy of nine years was proclaimed king, on the 31st of January, 1547.

Edward VI.—as he is known to history—lived little more than six years after his father passed away, and therefore never really ruled the realm. A feeble boy of less than sixteen years at the time the dread disease of tuberculosis carried him off, he had been a helpless puppet in the hands of the powerful men who fought for supremacy under his name.

It appears that Edward had been given an education which made him a Protestant, and that he remained sincerely attached to that religion. He was apparently an amiable, well-disposed, and unusually bright boy, very fond of books, and much farther advanced in learning than most lads of his age.

But the historic fact is, that the interval between Henry VIII. and his daughter Mary, was not filled by a dominant personality in the royal office: it was the disorderly stage upon which embittered factions struggled for supremacy.

The brief hour of Edward VI. was the first fleeting triumph of the English Reformation: and, for that reason alone, it was an episode which will always be worth particular attention. Since the early time in the Dark Ages, when an English King, converted to popery by his wife, had waged war upon the independent Christians, and had slain two thousand of their native priests in one frightful massacre, there had been no successful revolt against Roman Catholicism.

Under Edward VI., the harried Lollard, Wycliffite, Tyndalite, Lutheran and Calvinist at length came into the brief enjoyment of his dream of religious liberty. And impartial history records the glorious fact, that there was no *retaliation* practised upon the papists, who under the Plantagenets—the Lancasters, Yorkists, and Tudors—had soaked the soil with Protestant blood.

Sir James Mackintosh says in his History of England,—

"It is praise enough for young Edward, that his gentleness, as well as his docility, disposed him not to shed blood. The fact that the blood of no Roman Catholic was spilt on account of religion, in Edward's reign, is indisputable."

As was inevitable, the One-Man lust for power made itself quickly evident among the sixteen Executors, who had been named in King Henry's will to administer the estate which, in the words of the most obsequious of Parliaments, had been "given him by God." Lord Hertford—soon raised, virtually by himself, to the Dukedom of Somerset—claimed and secured the One-man ascendancy in the government, being made Protector of his nephew, the boy-king, and of the realm which God had given the lad's father's father.

The Duke of Somerset began well: he cleared the jails of imprisoned heretics and suspected Catholics; he summoned the political and religious absentees, living in exile on the Continent, to return home; he put a stop to all the prosecutions on account of religion which had been started under the fiercely orthodox Six Articles.

Preaching was resumed in the churches; and it was made obligatory that four sermons a year should be delivered in each church, against the pope's claim of supremacy, and against the worship of images.

Those idols which papists bore in public parades and pilgrimages were to be destroyed.

"The English Bible . . . . should be placed in every church for the use of the people;" and at such other places as were most convenient for those who might wish to read the Book. (Mackintosh: Vol. II., page 139.)

Parliament was assembled, and several bills passed to promote the Reformation. Bishops were to be appointed by the King; and the process in the ecclesiastical courts were to run in his name. The savage laws against the Lollards were repealed; and the law of treason was restored to the

status it had held under Edward I. The monstrous Act of Parliament which gave to the royal proclamations of Henry VIII. the force of law, was also repealed; and none of the various statutes of the late reign, concerning matters of religion, was retained, excepting those aimed at Papal supremacy.

In reference to the communion, it was enacted by Parliament, that the laity be allowed to partake of both the wine and the bread, according to the ancient usage of the church and the example set by Christ at the Last Supper.

The fact that the Roman church has been able to subdue the laity into abject submission as to this rite—so clearly set forth in the Scriptures, and so uniformly practised by the Apostolic congregations—is one of the most amazing evidences of the omnipotent power of reiterated *teaching*, by established authority. The human mind is prone to accept any statement that is constantly made and never denied.

The subtle magic of Roman Catholic education consists in the constant repetition of the same dogmas, one of which is, that a Catholic sins mortally, if he listens to a denial. When we continually assault the natural reason of a child with superstitious and incredibly fabulous assertions, teaching the child, at the same time, that its soul will be forever damned, if the said child reads anything, or wilfully hears anything, *to the contrary*, we have adopted the supremely effective method of checking mental growth; shrouding the mind with the cerements of dead creeds; and of sending the youth into manhood developed in his animal nature, but mummified, intellectually, so far as his soul and his faith in religious matters, are concerned.

This is the reason why the human race never makes an intellectual advance, morally and religiously, *after* religions become organized into hierarchies. It is to the selfish interest of the hierarchies, *to stop mental growth, at the stage which evolved the sacerdotal organization.*

Nothing but Catholic education, and the profound craft of its secret orders, could have possibly achieved Rome's stupendous victories over Reason, manifest in Catholic worship of images, Catholic pantheism, Catholic worship of Cybele, "the Mother of the Gods" (under the name of Mary); and the Catholic "mass," which supersedes, annihilates, and utterly denies the Last Supper *instituted by Jesus Christ.*

More than 800 years of the Christian era had come and gone, before a European monk, Pascasius, spewed from his monastic, maggotty brain the foul doctrine that *a man* eats and drinks *his God*, when he celebrates the Last Supper. To its credit be it said, the Roman church resisted the entrance of this monastic maggot, long and bitterly. But it appealed to the besotted clergy of the Dark Ages, and it gradually gained headway. In vain did "infallible" popes combat the monster. Pope Leo, Pope Gelasius, Pope Urban, and Pope Pascal thundered against it. So late as the 12th century, we find the Papal decree declaring, that "Our Lord himself dispensed the bread and the wine, each by itself; and this usage we teach and command the holy Church always to observe."

Council after Council rejected the preposterous doctrine of Pascasius; and even the Council of Trent—held in part during the short reign of Edward VI.—admitted at its 21st session that the early churches had followed the example of Christ in using both elements; and the Council of Trent which declared that, "in process of time, this usage was changed, for just and weighty reasons," took good care not to mention those just and weighty reasons which had obliterated the rite of the Last Supper, *as established by Christ himself.*

To place God in the imbecile position of not knowing how His own peculiar, commemorative rite should be celebrated, is certainly a most stupifying thing for a Christian church to do.

When the Manicheans, in the 5th century, had separated the elements, giving no wine to the celebrants, Popes Leo and Gelasius had denounced the innovation as rank heresy!

The Council of Clermont, near the end of the 11th century, had commanded the priests to administer both the wine and the bread to the laity; and the famous Bernard, of the 12th century, wrote, that the Lord's Supper was to be celebrated by administering the two elements "separately to the people."

"Communion in one kind was the child of the 13th century," says Dr. Samuel Edgar, from whose masterly work "The Variations of Popery," I have cited the foregoing facts.

Thus, the monstrous dogma of Transubstantiation won its way, *at the lowest period of European mentality, and after 400 years of struggle!*

The British Parliament, in 1547, did nothing more than to restore the communion, *as Christ had established it, and as the churches had uniformally practised it, for more than a thousand years.*

Another restoration of original Christian principles was accomplished by freeing the clergy from the obligation to remain unmarried. They were given the privilege to take wives, just as the New Testament encouraged them to do, and just as the early bishops of Rome had generally done. Indeed, I find instances where Popes were succeeded by their own sons; and while it is possible that the Popes became fathers before they entered the priesthood, the probability is, that they had followed the custom of priests to marry.

Dr. H. C. Lea, in his work, "Sacerdotal Celibacy," shows that, in 1250, the idea of married priests was still prevalent in London. (Vol. I., p. 353.)

The same author states—on page 365—that in 1250 the Irish priests were married men, many of whom had inherited their benefices from their married fathers.

Therefore, when the British Parliament, in 1547, granted the clergy emancipation from their virginal vows, it was restoring a right which the Bible recognized, which the early churches never questioned, and which the Roman popes had not been able to abolish until about 1300 years after Christ.

No act of the legislative could have been more surely and swiftly beneficial to morals, than the abolition of the fantastic farce of celibacy.

It must not be supposed, however, that the reign of Edward VI. was an era of religious toleration. Unfortunately, it wasn't. The papal doctrine of intolerance had sent its roots too deep into the minds and prejudices of the day, to be uprooted in a few years.

All of those Englishmen who were now Reformers had been educated as papists; and it was a part of their education to believe that differences of religious opinion must be removed by persecution.

No faith was to be tolerated, except that which was the true one; and the true one was, of course, the faith of those who were in power.

Hence, the ex-Catholics who ruled in the name of Edward VI., made some truly papal and diabolical laws.

They enacted a statute which punished *with imprisonment for life*, the citizen who should be guilty, a third time of the felonious offense of not going to church.

They fined everybody who failed to respect fast-days and Lent.

A cautious step toward religious liberty was taken by withdrawing, from the scope of the terrible laws against heresy, those who differed from the orthodox in the *non-essentials* of Christianity.

The indellible blot upon the reign of Edward VI., is the atrocious persecution of extreme Protestants. For this criminal abuse of power, Archbishop Cranmer must forever be held largely responsible. After all reasonable allowance is made for the spirit of the age, and the ingrained tendency of Catholic education, we must still express an abhorrence of a venerable prelate, the head of the Reformed church, who prevailed by personal insistence over the reluctance of the boy-king, and secured his fatal signature to the warrant which committed Joan Becher to the flames.

She was not a Catholic, but was a Protestant whose disordered brain con-

ceived an idea of the Incarnation which is absolutely unintelligible.

"She denied that Christ was truly incarnate of the Virgin, whose flesh being sinful he could take none of it, but the Word, by the consent of the inward man in the Virgin, took flesh of her." (Mackintosh, Vol. II., p. 162.)

There was a glimmer of light in this poor woman's mind, and the Papal dogma of 1864—more than 300 years after she was burnt—recognized it, by declaring that Mary herself had been immaculately born, and was therefore not one "whose flesh is sinful."

If we leave out the incomprehensible words, "by the consent of the inward *man* in the Virgin," Joan Becher's peculiar belief accords with the most recent variation of Popery.

Another horrible case of judicial murder, for which Cranmer must be held responsible, was that of the eminent Dutch surgeon, Von Panis, whose crime consisted in *Deism*. He denied the divinity of Christ, just as Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and all Unitarians have done. Von Panis died in the flames, one of the countless victims of Athanasian hatred for Arians.

Archbishop Cranmer was instrumental in bringing about a change in the law of divorce. Marriage should be dissolved, not only for adultery, but for desertion, long absence, mortal enmities, and cruelty of a husband to his wife.

In the 61st chapter of Knight's History of England, there appears enough of the Duke of Somerset's overtures to the government of Scotland to show, that the English Protector was a statesman: he pleaded with the Scotch nobility, counsellors, gentry and commons for an amicable union of the two kingdoms. This had been one of the noblest conceptions of Henry VIII. We have already related how he had courted an alliance with Scotland, and negotiated a solemn treaty of marriage between his only son and the Scotch king's only daughter.

From every point of view, such a union of the neighboring kingdoms seemed most desirable, and mutually advantageous. In Somerset's letter, it was set forth that "we seek not to take from you your laws nor customs." Let the united kingdoms be known henceforth by the common "old name of Britain again."

"If we two being made one by amity, be most able to defend us against all nations, and having the sea for wall, the mutual love for garrison, and God for defence, should make so noble and well-agreeing monarchy, that neither in peace we may be ashamed, nor in war afraid, of any wordly or foreign power, why should not you be as desirous of the same, and have as much cause to rejoice at it, as we?"

Surely, this was a highminded line of reasoning; and the immediate basis for Somerset's movement toward the union of Scotland to England was, the honorable fulfillment of the marriage contract between young Edward VI. and young Mary, "Queen of Scots."

But it was not to be: the union of the two realms could not amicably go into effect, until two centuries had passed. Why? What broke the solemn marriage-treaty, and kept the two kingdoms at enmity?

The machinations of the Jesuits of the Papal court, caused the rupture: and, instead of giving the English king his betrothed bride, the Catholic clergy of Scotland repelled Somerset's overtures, broke the treaty, made an alliance with King Henry II. of France, and sent the Scottish princess to Paris, to be educated in the strictest papal school.

One of the dying injunctions of Francis I. to his son had been, that the alliance between France and England be maintained. This compact between the two kingdoms had been made twenty days before Francis expired.

But his son, Henry II., refused to ratify the treaty, and set himself to prevent the intermarriage of Edward and Mary. In adopting this policy so soon after his father's death, Henry was influenced by the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise, brothers, whose sister was Mary Stuart's mother.

Even at this early period of their ascendency, these two Guises were the

baleful spirits of French counsels; and they were at this time as eager to check the Reformed doctrines in Scotland, as they were later in France, when they plotted the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The King of France sent an Army to Scotland, and there was fighting, both on land and sea, between the neighboring states; but, on the whole, the result was indecisive. The English gained a bloody triumph at the Battle of Pinkie, (1547) where 10,000 Scotchmen were butchered to no purpose, since the Duke of Somerset failed to follow up his victory. The Catholic forces still controlled Scotland, and the struggle for Protestantism was left to the future.

In England itself, the Protector had his hands full of trouble. Old systems, which have long been organized, die hard; and the leaders of the British Reformation encountered complicated difficulties. The religious question mixed with the economic problem: radical agrarians, justly angered by the fencing of commons and by the merging of small farms into large sheep ranges, found themselves marching, against the landed monopolists, under the sanction of the parish priest and to the accompaniment of relics, holy water, the crucifix, and the consecrated wafer.

With the same voice and vehemence, the indignant yeomen demanded the restoration of their commons, and the restitution of abbey lands—the reform of the law-courts, and the return of the mass.

They not only wanted economic improvements made, but insisted upon a revival of the Six Articles. Thus, in one direction, the insurgents really strove for progress and the uplift of oppressed humanity, while in the other, they clung to the extreme tenets of Roman Catholic superstition, and thirsted for the blood of those fellow-Christians who did not believe in private confession, in celibacy, in vows of perpetual virginity, in private masses, in the exclusion of the laity from the partaking of wine at communion, and in the priest's power to change bread and wine into God's actual flesh and blood.

(Those were the Six Articles of faith prescribed by Henry VIII., *under penalties of death.*)

One of the insurrections started in a church, and a priest led it: the other began at a fair, and a tanner led it. Great crowds flocked to the movements, and a brief season of serious disorders alarmed the government. Parks and enclosed commons were thrown open; sheep and deer, informally requisitioned, supplied the insurgent camps with excellent food; and the exultant tanner, Robert Ket, improvised a throne, beneath a noble oak, and began to hold court according to his own notions. He called his noble oak "The Tree of Reformation," and he solemnly passed judgment upon those culprits whom his followers arrested. These culprits were "gentlemen" accused of enclosing the common land, speculating in the necessaries of life, and similar practices.

After awhile, the government was forced to send an army against the rebels; and it was not without brisk fighting and much slaughter, that these misled yeomen were beaten into submission. The Earl of Warwick headed the troops of the Protector; and when the landed aristocrats urged him to continue the butchery of the almost unarmed peasants, he answered, in substance,—"

"Who, then, will be left to work your land, and support you? Will you take the plough yourselves?"

The argument was convincing, and the land-lords were graciously pleased to allow the remnant of Ket's multitude to return to the fields, and resume the hoe and the spade, and the plow-handle.

The uprising had been badly planned, badly led, and badly advised, since the new wine of agrarian reform was put into the old bottle of religious formalism.

There were too many Englishmen who remembered the horrors inflicted upon the land by the royal-Catholic "Six Articles."

The historian Duruy says that,

among the victims of this inquisition in England, "are counted 2 queens, 2 cardinals, 3 archbishops, 18 bishops, 13 abbots, 50 priests or monks, 14 archdeacons, 60 canons, more than 50 doctors, 12 dukes, marquises, or earls, 29 barons, 335 nobles, 110 women of rank: in all, 72,000 capital condemnations."

("History of Modern Times," 1894. Victor Duruy.. Page 181.)

The ex-Queen Catherine Parr did not persevere in prudence, after the death of Henry VIII.: on the contrary, she made the rash and fatal mistake of marrying Thomas Seymour, a very dashing, ambitious, showy, arrogant, greedy, and unprincipled man.

As the wedding was private, the exact date is not known, but Hume says, in the "History of England," it followed so soon after the King died, that had Catherine shown early signs of pregnancy, people would have been uncertain whose child it was.

This marriage brought calamity to the contracting parties, to the Seymour connections, to the distracted kingdom, and to the Reformation.

The clandestine manner in which it had been brought about, intensely angered the Protector and his faction in the royal Council. Even more enraged than the Duke of Somerset, was his proud Duchess, who considered it a mortal affront that *she*, the wife of the Protector and elder Seymour, should be compelled to yield social precedence to the wife of the younger brother.

History makes a record of many national tragedies which had their beginning in the jealousy and rivalry of two women, but the consequences of the feud between Catherine Parr and the Duchess of Somerset have never been fully allowed.

It is easy to understand, that the enemies of the Seymours could not have asked a better opportunity than was afforded by the bitter antagonisms which grew out of the secret marriage of Thomas with the Queen dowager.

Those enemies were two-fold; many of the old aristocrats scorned the Seymours as "new men," and enviously hated them on account of their sudden rise to power and great wealth; of course, the Jesuits and the priests detested them, because they were of the Reformed religion.

Catherine Parr died in child-birth, of puerperal fever, plaintively accusing her husband—almost with her last breath—of having mistreated her; but before she passed away, the rancor between the two brothers had become deadly.

Thomas Seymour unquestionably harbored designs upon the 16-year old Princess Elizabeth, who had continued to live with the Queen dowager, after the fatal marriage. Credible witnesses testified to the horse-play which Seymour indulged in with the Princess, such as cutting her dress to ribbons, tickling her while she lay in bed, &c.

It was believed that his scheme was, *to marry her*, in case Catherine died, and thus come nearer to the throne. On her part, Elizabeth seemed nothing loath to have the gallant Thomas make somewhat free with her person, take her in his arms, enter her bed-room in his dressing-gown, tickle her of mornings—for Elizabeth was full of animal spirits, and strangely fond of handsome, well-made men.

The Duke of Somerset had shown a certain degree of spitefulness toward Catherine Parr, after she married his brother, by refusing to let her have the jewels which were the bridal present of King Henry. He seems to have also overridden her legal rights, in the arbitrary leasing of one of her estates to a creature of his own. His amiable Duchess no doubt had a hand in both these pieces of petty provocation.

Apparently, the Protector reached a crisis, in his feud with his daring, ambitious, intriguing, unscrupulous brother, where he believed it was a question of kill, or be killed. He took his measures accordingly, pushed the "attainder" method of murder, secured a Parliamentary conviction, without any trial and without any legal evidence, using his docile nephew, James VI., as the instrument to overcome Parliamentary reluctance.

Thus the royal minor indirectly slew one of his uncles, at the dictation of the other; and, having done so, the pious youth made a dry entry of the fact, in a Diary he was keeping.

One of the most energetic sowers of hatred between the Seymour brothers, had been the aspiring and cunning Earl of Warwick. Ambitious to rule, he had constantly fed the implacable enmity of the Protector; and now that Thomas Seymour was out of the way, the astute Earl began to scheme against the Protector.

The Duke of Somerset had not used his power discreetly: he had ignored the other members of the Council, concentrated everything in his own hands, greatly to the disgust and wrath of the other executors. Not only had he been too eager in his pursuit of wealth, but his pride made an offensive exhibition of his rapidly accumulated fortune.

A magnificent palace which he began to build in London, seems to have given especial offense, as such a thing is apt to do. In his rapacity, he was reported to have torn down a church and a chapel and a charnel house, to make room for the princely palace in the Strand.

Even at the present time, no popularity is won by a builder when he appropriates the ground of an ancient cemetery, but in the 16th century, such sacrilege excited universal execration.

Loud were the outcries of the horrified priests, and deep was the resentment of the laity.

The public began to turn away from a man who had put his own brother to death without a fair trial, and who had so little religious reverence that he laid the foundations of his palace where ancient tombs had been.

The Earl of Warwick played upon the jealousy of the slighted councillors, availed himself of Jesuit assistance, wove a net of intrigue around the Protector, and drew it in, almost before Somerset knew that his ascendancy was threatened.

The revolution was bloodless: the Protector had been so generally abandoned by the lords upon whom he depended, that he surrendered without striking a blow. Warwick was satisfied, for the moment, and even permitted the fallen Protector to resume his place at the council board, as one of the royal executors.

But either Somerset, or his amiable Duchess, found their humiliating reverse insupportable, and he began to conspire against Warwick's life.

Betrayed by a pretended friend, he was given substantially the same treatment he had given his brother, and his head was struck off on Tower hill.

The Earl of Warwick was now supreme; and he complimented himself by having the boy-king bestow upon him the ducal rank, his title henceforth being Duke of Northumberland.

In this manner it came to pass that the actual King of England, for a season, was the son of the minister Dudley, judicially murdered by Henry VIII. to appease the people for the extortions of King Henry VII.

The newly-made Duke of Northumberland had a son, Lord Dudley: this young man was married by his ambitious father to Jane Grey, the granddaughter of Mary Tudor, who, as you will remember, was the favorite sister of King Henry VIII.

As the young King, James VI., lies in the royal palace, wasting away with consumption, racked by the terrible cough which no physician can check, we can see the factions making ready for a battle-royal, the moment he passes away.

Northumberland's faction prevail upon the dying boy to make a will, cutting out his sisters, and giving the crown to Lady Jane Grey. The wise old lawyers remonstrate, and Archbishop Cranmer earnestly protests: the King insists, and the councillors yield.

But the compliance is most reluctant, the submission only half-hearted; and even the vaulting ambition of Northumberland must have felt chilled at the prospect, as he thought of the late king's daughters, Mary and Elizabeth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Joseph Hocking

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

The trio entered a little parlour which opened from the right-hand side of the passage into which they first came. Ned Harrington looked at the girl inquiringly.

"You have followed my instructions?" he said.

She nodded. "As far as I have been able," she said.

"And——?"

They listened intently. There was a faint rustle of skirts outside.

"It is very warm in here, Miss Robinson," said Harrington. "I notice that you have a fine garden. Let us walk out there and look at the fruit. The apples are ripening finely this warm weather."

"Yes," replied the girl; "this is quite a noted garden in the neighborhood. I should like to show you."

They went into the garden, and thence into the orchard.

"You have no suspicion of these people?" asked the young barrister.

"I suspect everything and everybody," she replied in a whisper. "I don't think I should have dared to have come if I had known what I should feel. I thought all the influence of the place had gone, and yet no sooner did I see it again than everything came back to me. As far as I know these people have no suspicions, and I believe they are Protestants; but one never knows. Have you done what you said?"

"Yes; there will be several men whom I can trust watching."

Walter Raymond listened quietly. He had no knowledge that Harrington had discovered the girl for whom they had been searching so long, but her presence explained many things which were dark before. He felt more than ever thankful for the cleverness of his friend. He did not ask any questions; the time for those would come later. Meanwhile, it was for him to pay heed to everything he might hear. Neither did he make any remark on the fact that both he and Harrington had visited the neighborhood before. He knew of the convent close by, the convent where they had been so impressed by the Mother Superior. None of the many conventual institutions they had visited had more favorably impressed them than this. No Mother Superior had been so frank, so willing to give information and to show them over the building. When they had left both had been assured that wherever Joyce might be, she was certainly not within those walls. As far as they could judge, almost every room was open for inspection, every question was apparently answered freely and without a shadow of reserve. Even now he

could not believe that his child had been behind those walls all the time; but he said nothing.

"Is she there?" asked Harrington.

He spoke quietly, and with apparent calmness, but anyone could see how much depended on the answer to his question.

"I think so; but I am not sure. There is something I cannot understand."

"Tell me—quickly."

"When I saw you the day before yesterday I told you that the girl whom I described to you, and who told me she was called Joyce before she entered religion, was there. Then you told me to go there and find out if she was still living there. You thought I could do this without suspicion. Having been a postulant there, it seemed natural that I should go back and visit the convent."

"Especially if you were in a position to enrich the funds," remarked Harrington.

"Yes. Well, I went, although I did not think your plan was wise. If I had aroused the slightest suspicion they would have had her removed."

"Not without my knowledge," said Harrington. "I took care of that."

For a long time they remained talking together, asking and answering questions. Then presently the two men were alone together again.

"Walter," said Harrington, "we will see her tonight."

"Yes, please God, we will. We will take her from there; we will take her home—that is, to London."

"Before I came to your office yesterday evening," said Harrington, "I was full of hope. I had discovered this Miss Robinson, and had long conversations with her. I had convinced myself that the girl of whom she spoke in the restaurant was Joyce. The question was, whether she was still in the convent; and I was at length able to induce her to pay the visit she mentions. As one who had been a postulant there, she could find out. Then, when on my way from Paddington to your office, I read the paragraph in the newspaper, I was stunned, bewildered, paralysed."

"Yes, yes; I remember."

"Presently, however, I began to think. I did not tell you my thoughts for fear they might not be true. First there was the nature of the girl's death—heart disease. I felt sure that Joyce was not likely to die of that. Then there was the fact that although she had died on the Monday, we heard no news until Friday—after she was buried, in fact. You know what the law is about opening graves."

"Yes, yes."

"I had a feeling that she was not dead. I telegraphed to Volpe and Miss Robinson, giving instructions. Then came our meeting with Ritzoom. You know the questions I asked. After asking them I was more than ever confirmed in my suspicions. When we got to St. Winnifred's, there were our interviews with Dr. Jessop and the Mother Superior."

"Yes, yes; but this is criminal, Walter."

"Of course it is; but Ritzoom would wriggle out of it. Remember, no claim has been made for Joyce's property. They would urge that a very natural mistake had been made."

"Are you not afraid that Ritzoom will forestall you?"

"Volpe and two or three others would be on the way to the convent before our interview with Ritzoom came to an end," said Harrington.

"What is your plan, Ned?"

"I must see Volpe before I can tell you that. I have two or three plans in my mind."

"We could now go to the Mother Superior and demand her?"

"No; the convent laws would not allow of that, even now. Suppose we threatened to avail ourselves of the *Habeas Corpus* Act; its operation would take time, and God knows what they might do to Joyce meanwhile."

"But Ritzoom will not be idle."

"I think he will," said Harrington grimly.

"Why?"

"Because Volpe, in his own way, is as cunning as Ritzoom," and beyond that Ned Harrington would say nothing.

That night Harrington and Walter Raymond entered the convent grounds by a small postern door. How they were able to do this Raymond did not know, but the last two years had revealed to him something of the resourcefulness and determination of his friend. When they had entered the grounds, however, Harrington gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Anything the matter?" asked Raymond.

"They have forestalled us," replied Harrington.

"What do you mean?"

He pointed to a window where shadows were reflected. "That is Joyce's room," he said quietly.

"But, but——"

"It's all right. I have prepared for this contingency; but it may make our work harder. Listen!"

Both men listened intently. They heard the sound of wheels.

"Our carriage?" asked Raymond. He spoke quietly, but he was trembling like an aspen leaf. He felt that his brain would give way if, after his hopes had been raised so high, they were again dashed to the ground.

"No; it's coming from the other direction. Don't be afraid, my friend."

Walter Raymond thanked God not only for the faithfulness and loyalty of his friend, but for the quickness of his mind—for his foresight.

"Come," said Harrington; "we shall do no good here. Don't you see, the light has gone out?"

He led the way swiftly towards the main entrance of the building, and looked carefully. The drive, and the open space around the door, was empty.

For a moment a look of anxiety came into his eyes. What if his plans had miscarried, if Volpe or the others should have turned traitor!

"Walter," he said, "you remain here, and watch that door. If a carriage comes, or if anyone comes out, you know what to do. If I need you, I will whistle. You cannot mistake the whistle—the one we decided on a few hours ago."

He moved silently away, leaving Walter Raymond alone. If ever a man knew what suspense meant, Wayter Raymond knew it then. For years he had been working against unseen forces, fighting a battle with enemies who kept themselves in the dark. There,

in the silence of the night, it seemed impossible for him to obtain what for years he had been struggling for—the rightful possession of his eldest daughter. But he did not give up hope. The last two years had meant much to him. They had deepened his life; they had thrown him back on God. In his sorrow and difficulty he had become filled with error and riddled with paganism, he had been led to realise the heart of religious truth, and to live the life which is by faith in the Son of God. Probably Ned Harrington had helped in this, for the young barrister's Protestantism was not a mere protest against error, but a living faith in positive truth.

And so, in spite of his suspense, he waited quietly and watched. But no sound could he hear; no one appeared in sight. The convent appeared to him like a place of the dead—as, indeed, in many senses it was.

Presently he started eagerly, for he heard a low whistle, and he went rapidly in the direction from which the sound came. He was quickly met by a high hedge of laurel, but this did not hinder him long. A little later he saw a carriage standing by a small door, almost hidden by foilage.

"Quick, Walter!"

He saw Harrington standing in the shade of a tree, not far from the carriage, and in a few seconds he was by his side.

The door opened, and the body of a woman was lifted to the carriage door. Scarcely a sound was heard; not even a whispered word was spoken. Before their work was accomplished, Harrington stepped forward, and threw the light of a dark lantern on the face of the woman who was evidently the object of so much care.

"Father Jetsam," he said quietly, "I will relieve you of your responsibility."

"How dare you, sir! Do you know you are trespassers here?"

"Very well; and I am perfectly willing to be prosecuted for my trespass. No, my man, your services will not be needed as a driver tonight."

The latter words he spoke to a man who prepared to climb to the driver's seat.

"Who are you? And by what authority do you come here?" said the priest.

"By my authority," said Walter Raymond. "This young lady is my daughter, and she goes with me."

"She is of age," cried the priest, "and—and——"

"Don't protest, my man," said Harrington. "If you wish to take proceedings against us, you are at liberty to do so."

He took a card from his pocket, and gave it to the priest.

"My name and address are there," he said. "As for my friend's identity, I am sure you have no need of information. But this young lady goes to her home tonight. No, you needn't call for help. I have prepared for all that."

"What is the matter?"

It was Joyce's voice. She scarcely realised what had taken place. She only knew that a man had stepped to her side, and placed his arm around her.

"Don't you know me, Joyce?" said Walter Raymond. "It's your old dad—dad and Ned Harrington, come to take you home."

"Ned! Dad!" she cried, scarcely realising what she had heard.

Harrington stepped to her side.

"Do not fear, Joyce," he said. "We have been seeking you for years, and now that we have found you, you need not fear again."

"Ned! Dad!" she cried again. "Oh, take me home—take me home! Don't let them have me again. Oh, Dad! Ned; forgive me, and take me home."

A sob rose in Walter Raymond's throat as he heard the plaintive plea of his child, while Ned Harrington's face became grim and determined.

Raymond held his child in his arms while the two men and the priest who stood by looked on as though they were stunned.

"Come, Ned," he continued; "let us get away from the place."

Father Jetsam took a step forward as if to stop them, but Harrington stopped him.

"No," he said, "you dare not lay your hands on her. If you pollute her by as much as a touch of your finger, I will not be answerable for the consequences. It is no use your calling for help. That will not avail you. I did not come here without having taken every precaution, and I can assure you it will be best for you to raise no opposition. It will not look well in the papers, you know."

"I forbid you to leave, Sister Ursula," said the priest. "By your vow of holy obedience I command you to stay."

But Joyce's hand was in Ned Harrington's, and she had no fear. At that moment she felt the weight of her vows to be as light as thistle-down, for she knew they were wrong and could not be pleasing to God. During the last few days her eyes had been opened as they had never been open before, and she realised what religion meant. Thus priestly authority was gone for ever, and Father Jetsam's commands were no more to her than an empty cry.

"I am going home," she said.

"I forbid you, I say," repeated the priest. "As for you, sir, how dare you imperil an immortal soul?"

Both Harrington and Raymond laughed at this, but their laugh changed into a cry of dismay as Joyce, who for the moment had been sustained by excitement, felt her strength leave her, and she would have fallen had she not been sustained by her father.

"Walter," said Harrington, "I will carry her to the carriage. You will call to our men if these people offer any opposition."

He took Joyce Raymond in his arms as though she were a child, and Father Jetsam spoke not another word of protest. Reflecting on the past, and on the disclosures which could be made, he dared not. A few minutes later they came to a lane where a carriage stood. Near by were several men, silently watching. When Harrington had placed Joyce in the carriage, and Walter Raymond had taken his seat by her, the former went to a spot where he had seen a man pinioned by two others.

"Ah, Father Ritzoom!" said Harrington, "I thought it would be you; but we have forstalled you, you see. The carefully-worded notice in the newspapers, and the death certificate were—a mistake, eh? Will you be the first to take proceedings, or shall we?"

But Ritzoom did not answer; he knew it would avail him nothing. He was perfectly silent while Harrington took his place in the carriage and drove away into the night.

After they had been gone some time the men who had evidently come there with Signore Volpe told Ritzoom he was at liberty to go where he pleased. But he seemed in no haste to depart. He

walked slowly towards the convent. He had no need to be told what had happened. He was not a man who required explanations.

"I wonder what they will do?" he said at length. He spoke aloud, and the words came from him as though he were weary. "I wonder what they will do?" he repeated. "I was wise to wait before putting forth any claims—otherwise—— But as it is, have they any case, I wonder?"

Still scheming, still planning, he made his way to the convent.

"Will you make it known to the Reverend Mother that I desire to see her?" he said to the lay sister who let him in.

When presently the Mother Superior and Father Jetsam came to him, they saw that he was a beaten man. They talked for a long time together; they formulated many plans. But they were not plans of aggression; they were plans of defence.

Meanwhile, Harrington and Raymond sat in the carriage close to their charge. She was very quiet, and Harrington would have believed her to be asleep did he not feel how tightly she held his hand.

"It's your hand, Ned, isn't it?" he heard her whisper.

"Yes, mine."

"And you are there too, dad?"

"Yes, my dear little maid."

Then she nestled among the cushions while the carriage rumbled on.

"We shall soon be at the station, Joyce. We can catch a train to London. It will get there about four o'clock. Are you strong enough to bear the journey?"

"Yes, yes; let me get home."

When the train came in, she lay at full length on the seat which they prepared for her couch. She looked at them eagerly, as if to assure herself that they were both there; then she fell asleep.

I will not try to describe at length Joyce's home-coming, or the consternation it created. Walter Raymond carried her up to her room, while Harrington went to a doctor he knew. Two hours later, a nurse was installed in her bedroom.

There is no need to report the orders the doctors gave.

September had gone before Joyce's health came back. During her illness Father Brandon tried to see her, but not only had Walter Raymond forbidden his presence, but Joyce pleaded that no priest should come near her.

When Joyce's story became known in the home the power which Father Brandon had had over Rachel and Madaline was destroyed; but Mrs. Raymond remained faithful to the priest's teaching. She declared that the confusion of the names of the two nuns had caused the mistake, and even urged that Joyce should go back to the convent again. Especially was she angry when Ned Harrington came to the house. She declared that she would a thousand times rather see her child dead than, after having taken a nun's vows, she should ever dream of marrying. Indeed, Joyce received several letters from priests, beseeching her not to cast her soul into everlasting perdition by committing so great a sin. But Joyce's eyes were opened, and their threats had no more weight with her than if they were never uttered.

For a time Walter Raymond thought of bringing the whole case before the law courts, but when Joyce, who dreaded publicity, and dreaded still more the thought of being brought into contact with

anything that should remind her of her convent life, pleaded that the past might be buried, he yielded to the child who had been so strangely brought back to his life again.

Before Christmas came Harrington and Joyce were married, and the only sad element in their rejoicing was the fact that Mrs. Raymond continued to pour out reproaches, and to refuse to countenance the wedding in any way. Perhaps her sorrow was made more bitter by the fact that all her other three children had broken away from the yoke of the priest.

After Joyce and Harrington had departed to spend their honeymoon beneath the sunny skies of Egypt, Mrs. Raymond came to her husband and asked for an allowance whereby she could live alone.

"I have no children, no husband," she said. "You can at least do this for me. Let me go away into quietness. There I can live my own life, and pray for your conversion."

And Walter consented, hoping that it would only be for a time; but although many months have passed since then, they have been brought no nearer together.

This is the one cloud in the otherwise unclouded sky of Walter Raymond's life.

(THE END.)

Christ at the Vatican

By Victor Hugo

(*Translated by George S. Burleigh*)

(This poem had the honor of being interdicted by Louis Napoleon, and was afterwards published at Geneva.)

Spite of all reverence to the Eternal given,—
His Father,—one day Jesus yawned in heaven,
  Till his jaw-bone was dislocated;
  In this abode of glory he was sated.
The prayers they chanted him before,
  Still rose to Paradise; but, alas!
They came to his address no more.
    There's nothing, even to the Mass,
  That gets not shortened to the uttermost,
When of a goodly meal to take his share
    The official would repair.
  The Father and the Holy Ghost
    Have no whit better fare.

"What's this?" said Jesus; "through forgetfulness
  Have Christians dared suppress
Incense and vows, to me their wont to pay?
  Much to the Virgin Mary they address;
To the Saints' chapel run the crowds, and pray,
  Even as ran and prayed, of old,
The Pagans to their gods of wood and gold.
But for myself the case is different, rather.
At Rome, meanwhile, I have the Holy Father,
My Vice-God, as report hath said it;
He ought, among men, to sustain my credit:
  Has he betrayed it? Or may Paganism
Have quite absorbed the old Catholicism?
  Straightway to Rome I needs must go,
  To see what's doing there below,
And ascertain if the aforesaid Vicar
To my affairs attention gives with rigor;
If he diverts not to himself alone
The worship destined for my own.
My divine nature I must doff, to don a
More modest garb, and take the human figure
    That in Judea I wore,
    What time her Governor
  To hang me did himself the honor!
Or people might not know me, otherwise."

  So said, so done; the divine Master flies
    And measures with one span
    Thence to the Vatican.
Inquiring where the Pope was staying,
Some snare he fancied they were laying,
  When to the palace he was brought.
"Oh no!" he said; "I never should have thought,
  As in a stable fell my natal lot,
To see my servant in a lodge like this!"
Still in he went; but prompt a gilded Swiss,
With halbred set, cried, "Halt! and show your ticket;
You've need of one to pass the papal wicket.
The plumiest dukes, to pay their court inclined,
A passport need, by the Good Father signed,
Or by his chamberlain. Think you a poor wretch
Without a doit, I'm sure, can pass this latch?
Go, go! the Servant of God's servants ne'er
Will give your sort of clowns reception here."

The door already in his face he slaps.
  Astonished Christ, who could not dream
  That such a compliment was meant for him,
Thinking he'd missed the purport, mused, "Perhaps
To times of persecution they relapse;
That a new Caesar, foe to Christ's exalters,
  Rebuilds the Pagan altars."
'Twas so for him this mystery seemed to ope,
That these gay Swiss were jailers to the Pope.
  What honesty of heart! I wit
  That Christ alone this error could commit.

"My son, I am Jesus," quoth he to the soldier;
  "I come my envoy to behold here.
No doubt the Emperor vowed to Jove, in some
Black dungeon holds him for new martyrdom,
As to my first Apostles chanced of old."
The Swiss at hazard his **pater nosters** told,
Though the air, poor and humble, of the Savior,
Seemed not to merit this distinguished favor.

"Jesus, you err; the Holy Father's Caesar;
He makes this palace dome his ordinary home;
Only to guard him are we Swiss here;
Nobody here has any prison, at present,
But your Vice-God; according as seems pleasant.
He'll lodge there all who smack of heresies,
  From tender care for their sole bliss,
And honor of the Christian sanctities.
  He even hangs sometimes: but I'm good Swiss,
And I would aid you; mount to the repair
  Of the Grand Chamberlain, offer him your prayer;
Perhaps you'd speak the Holy Pontiff thus.'

He fancied he reclimbed the hall of Caiaphas.
"Ah, well!" he murmured; "they've a palace home
Of marble and of gold; for me, 'nstead,
    When night had come,
I knew not where to lay my head.
Here are the poor a true mar-mirth.
Poor was I, and taught charity on earth.
Ah me! for all guards I had only those
  Rough dogs who raffled for my clothes.
  He hangs; and me, troth I was hung!
  My faith! if this old gent, among
  His pomps triumphal, plays the role of me,
I'm vilely represented, you'll agree."

While speaking thus had Jesus climbed the stair:
  From a vast landing vaster halls ran back,
That seemed a market, as he entered there;
  Bazar of nameless things, sham bric-a-brac,
  Where, certes, 'tis the buyer who's put in sack.
All round, old bones and medals new
Offend the smell, or glitter to the view;
Clerks numberless, alert, sharp-eyed to look,
Tied parcels, and served customers, and took
Plentiful cash, it is a shop, indeed.
The Boss, all dressed in scarlet,—from beyond,
  Seeing advance a ragged Lazarus,—
Was mad.
    "Eh! what! a dirty vagabond,"
  He cried, "in chambers of Earth's Master thus
  To penetrate, unceremonious!
How came you here? Who brought you in, and whence?
    But it may be, of our Vice-God,
Expecting pardon for some grave offence.
  Your penance makes you beggar; that's not odd.
    Speak! what is that you lack?
Have you killed some one, and, the danger fearing,
    Have stabbed him in the back?
Or did you, else, a murderous hand uprearing,

    Your father or your mother slaughter?
Or have you, delicate connoisseur,
    Ravished your sister or your daughter?
At Rome, for cash, may one secure
For all these foibles absolution broad.
Do you want crosses, tapers, lambs of God;
Beads better blest than if by Jesu's grace
    They had been consecrated?
Would you eat roast, Fridays and Saturdays,
  In Lenten tide? Or would you patronize
    The precious relics, well authenticated,
  Of all the saints who are in Paradise?
Speak, draw your wallet and pay down your score;
  For Austria's Emperor we would do no more.
  If you'll not pay, march quick step for the door!
    We are ordered by a Papal Bull
  Not to deliver but for cash in full:
  For us the rich; the devil take the poor!"

"Whew! pretty pranks!" thought Jesus; "truth to name,
  These fellows have no more of shame
Than had of old the Scribes and Pharisees.

Here are no Christians among these;
That's a sure case!
It would too grossly my good name degrade,
To cover with it this ignoble trade,
By which they rob you, with a brazen face.
But, of their strange career the end we'll seek.
I've little time to lose, and I would speak
Straight to the Christians' Father."

This provokes
The Cardinal-peddler of that pious stuff.
"Speak to the Pope! Ha, but the villian jokes!
Believe you, then, rascallion rough,
That he'd permit you, kneeling though you go,
To kiss his cross-back mule? Ha, blockhead, no!
No, it is not for you the Pope puts on his shoe.
And fast and soon get hence! If, with like haste
You would not choose a dungeon's sweets to taste!"

"Priest, I will dissipate your blunder;
Behold and recognize your Master under
This garb of penury!
I am the Christ; and, now, it well may be,
I shall have leave to see
Your Holy Father who holds his power alone from me."

"You Jesus! humph! that kind of wit
Is good, and lets me laugh at it!
What! shall the mighty Lord of Heaven be seen
With your all-faded face and pitiful mien,
And dirty rags, your squalor's signal shown,
As one may see in Beggar Lanes alone?
Further, though 'twere the very truth you've told,
You will not come His Holiness to behold.
He has—by Bacchus!—other things to carry
Than thoughts of Christ, of heaven, or breviary!
Romagna boils. Legations to the gale
Of Revolution fling their sail:
The temporal power escapes us, on my word
Above all other good to be preferred:
In fine; then, be it true you're Jesus, accuse
Only yourself that we your suit refuse.
Why in your glory came you not? Then we
Had welcomed you. How you **are done!**
Clad like a beggar; the Pope would blush to own
A God in such a budget! Me, therefore,
Allow, dear friend, to beau you to the door!"

The Cardinal was talking still,
When Jesus Christ, as once on Tabor's hill,
Became transfigured. In his look austere
Kindled the lightnings of the holy zeal
That moved him when he drove, while ere,
Far from the sacred courts the trafficker.
The Publicans, with insolence inflated
Before, in silence now awaited
The storm which, muttered in the Savior's soul,
Burst terribly its thunder-roll!

"Woe unto you, oh viper progenies!
Your brothers' faith abusing, with no shame;
Woe, woe to you, ye priests and Pharisees,
Hypocrites! wearing the fair Christian name,
Who veil the lessons that were mine
Under a thousand mummeries,
And desecrate my holy shrine
With thousand-fold idolatries.
Need I remind you what my laws decree?
Blind leaders of the blind afar from me!
Need I remind you that my life was given
In teaching sweetness, peace, and modesty,
Alms, and forgiveness, love, and hope in heaven,
And all the virtues ye so feebly show?
Once, in my humble life, did I allow
That men should hail me 'Grandeur,' 'Eminence'?
Or, clothed in gold and purple, did I enhance
My treasure from the poor man's dripping brow?
Jerusalem saw me riding on an ass:
The Roman people, ungrieved by it nathless,
Behold your Chief, and not His Hollness,
Borne upon Christian backs, in triumph pass.
I marvel how his daring pride omits
To put on them the saddle or the bits!
My law and pattern see how men pursue!
Showing humble for the nonce, which one of you
To him who took his cloak the coat has given?
For wordly treasures, to the robber free,
Ye'll give centupled all the wealth of heaven.
Your heart's the altar of Cupidity!
Your hands are always stretched to gather more;
Never could tender pleadings of the poor

Your pity move. Less priests than hucksters keen,
Less shepherds than true butchers, from your lean
Sad sheep ye take the milk, the flesh and wool:
The Church for you is earth's possession full.
The life eternal, and the glory above,
Employ you little: it is gold you love!
'Gold! give us gold!' such is your text sublime,
And to be poor, your greatest, **only** crime.
Your eye is mild, your lips with honey fall;
And, while your visage lies, your heart is gall!
Rigid for others, for yourselves replete
With greedy lusts, no faults your pardon meet:
With haughty mien you love unbounded rule.
The chief among you feigns to call
Himself the servant of my servants all;
He lies, like his own Bull:
Of the all-servant does one kiss the mule?

"If not as you some hapless being thinks,
If he would break his chain's too heavy links,
Your wrath, with justice for its thin disguise,
Consigns him to the hangman. I have said,
'I will have mercy and not sacrifice;'
Have said, 'Give freely what without a price
Was given to you.' To my redeemed, instead,
You sell baptism upon their natal bed;
Sell to the sinner void indulgences;
To lovers sell the natural right to wed;
Sell to the dying the privilege of decease,
And sell your funeral masses to the dead!
To kinsfolk vend the New Year's 'Wish you well!'
Your prayers and masses and communions sell;
Nothing is sacred; all is merchandise.
None in your Church one step can make his way
But he must pay to enter, for sitting pay,
And pay to pray: altar is counter here,
The Papacy is earth's grand usurer!
My house is, here below, a house of prayer,
But ye have made thereof the robbers' lair!
Sold there the Virgin's favors, as they sell
The loves of women in their little hell!
Here your soul's blot is mirrored everywhere.
The Scribes, your fathers, were not so perverse;
You are not even **whited** sepulchres!

"By sham laws, robberies, and extortions vile,
Of Borgia's usurpations, with subtle wile,
Your cities, you aver, compromise
Saint Peter's patrimony: there must men
Think as the monk, and not as citizen.
Transgression is a vice
Your laws condone, though reason punishes.
There reign among you Pride and Avarice;
Cowled knave and fool the price of justice share:
To crawl before you is sole duty there!
And this you name the temporal power! a scheme
That my poor Peter never saw in dream.
Only to rule earth, you the heavens invoke.
But times change. Weary of the priestly yoke,
Your States break down the olden Papal sway,
And on Romagna Freedom smiles today.
Aye, your own Romanis, whom Revolt has won
(If France had not restored their tyrant's power),
Would have expelled ye eleven years since and more!
Cower, brood of vipers, priests of Papal pride!
'The sons shall finish what their fathers tried."

The tonsured hucksters, consecrated, dumb,
Stil at the voice of Jesus trembled all,
As he returned to his immortal home.
On the same day was heard the news at Rome
That, driving out the Legate Cardinal,
Bologna stripped her king pontifical;
And that with newer glory,
Adorning her old story,
She had just chosen a Power Provisional.

London, Jan., 1861.

Female Convents.

By Mr. de Potter.

CHAPTER V.

Examinations of Ricci before Pius VI.—Ricci in his Diocess.—Disorders of the Dominicans.—Disputes of Ricci with the Dominicans on the subject of their Convents.—Contests with the Ex-Jesuits.—Superstition of the Sacred Heart.—Different attempts at Reform.

Ricci underwent the customary examination of a bishop before Pius VI. The ceremony appears to have been very disagreeable to him, for he afterwards repeatedly complained of its humiliating nature, and of the conduct of the Court of Rome in insisting on this and similar things, to bring the bishops more completely under its authority. In this examination the candidates for episcopal orders are obliged to be on their knees, in the midst of a numerous assembly, presided over by the Pope, while the examining prelates, chosen from the regular priests, question them. Ricci says: "Whoever knows the formalities, knows that the examiners communicate the questions beforehand, and even tell them from what author they wish the answers to be taken; because they have no less fear of being themselves embarrassed, and making a sorry appearance before the assembly, than the examined can have; who, if he blunder a little, is always sure of being excused." The ceremony of his consecration, as Bishop of Pistoia and Prato, took place on the 24th of June, 1780.

Prato had formerly been divided from Pistoia. "At the commencement of the seventeenth century," says Ricci, "during the discussion on the dismemberment of the diocese of Pistoia, the city of Prato was scarcely recovered from the frightful pillage which it had suffered, when it was taken by the soldiers led by the Cardinal John de Medici, afterwards Leo X., against his country, the Republic of Florence. This Cardinal, who was as bad a citizen as he was a cruel instrument of the projects of Julius II. whom he served as legate, placed himself, it is said, at a short distance from the city, whilst the soldiers assaulted it. He there ran great risk of being killed by a shot from a culverin, which struck the window, from which, like another Nero, he enjoyed the frightful spectacle. Even in my time they exhibited to the curious, in the convent of Anne, near Prato, both the window and a part of the wall broken by the shot. They show also, in the middle of the court of the ancient house of the Provosts, which I afterwards used as my episcopal residence, a large well, now filled up, which is recorded to have swallowed up about six hundred innocent victims to the fury of the soldiers, as well women as children and old men, which the sanctitiy of the church, in which they had taken refuge, could not save from the massacre. Their bodies, dragged away from the precincts of the temple, had been heaped together, like the flesh of the shambles, and were thrown into this horrible grave, till it became necessary hastily to clear the place of so many carcasses, when the victor Cardinal was about to make his triumphant entry. That

prince of the church, by a rare act of generosity, granted his pardon to a small number of unhappy wretches, who remained alive after that fearful catastrophe."

Ricci had not yet gone to Pistoia, when he learned that a canon of that city had been imprisoned for robbery; and before leaving Florence, he obtained an order from the Grand Duke, that the culprit should be shut up in his convent to do penance there. By this means he avoided a proceeding which would have been scandalous to the clergy.

His first care, on arriving at Pistoia, was to employ all the means in his power to reform the Dominican nuns of the convent of Lucia. Before his time, the Bishop Alamanni had been obliged, in 1764, to take the spiritual management of the convents of Catherine and Lucia at Pistoia into his own hands, on account of the disorders reigning in them. He had received the express order of his Government to do so, and had obtained the consent of the College of Cardinals, the See of Rome being at that time vacant. He deemed it necessary, at the same time, to remove from the convent the Dominican monks, who had been their former directors. The nuns of Lucia were so much affected by this unexpected attack, that he never could succeed in reducing them to obedience. After his death, the Bishop Ippoliti, for four entire years labored in vain for the accomplishment of the same object. These unhappy victims of monachal seduction obstinately refused to listen to the authority of their pastor; and some of them preferred giving up the sacraments altogether, to receiving them from the hands of the secular or regular clergy, whom the Bishop had marked out to administer, after the Prince had prohibited the Dominicans from approaching them. There was among them a novice who never would make her vows before the Bishop, because she would not promise obedience to any one but the General of the Dominicans.

When Ricci complained at Rome of these disorders to the Pope, and avowed his suspicions that the monks alone were the cause of so much obstinacy on the part of the nuns: "Can you doubt it?" said Pius VI.; and immediately afterwards he uttered a violent sally against the General of the Dominicans, whom he painted as a troublesome and obstinate man. He charged Ricci to assure the nuns, that it was his formal intention to leave them, for the future, subject to their bishop, and not to the friars; and that they should have no scruple, on account of the obedience which they had promised to their General.

Fortified by this pontifical authority, the new Bishop gradually brought the Dominican nuns under his jurisdiction; made them accept a new confessor, and even prevailed upon the novice to make her vows. He confesses, however, that there was need of constant vigilance to guard against the underhand intriguing of the Dominican friars.

In Prato, he abridged their power, and made them submit to his episcopal jurisdiction; but the affront which wounded them to the quick, was an order which he issued, that no friar should go into a convent of nuns, unless solely in case of necessity, and always with surplice and stole, to administer the sacraments. They used every effort to obtain the repeal of that order.

The Jesuits, though abolished as a body, still kept up their intrigues. With that zealous and pertinacious sect Ricci had a violent

dispute, on a superstitious observance, called, the *Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!* That order had always been very zealous in the cause of *candidates*. Pope Clement XIII. had supported them; but Clement XIV. utterly destroyed their plans. The Jesuits at Pistoia had sounded Ricci on his inclinations with respect to this, their favorite devotion, while he was at Rome. A man at Prato had wished to establish an annual festival, to found a perpetual mass, and to obtain indulgences in honor of the Sacred Heart. Cardinal Rezzonico granted the request, and sent a brief to that effect to Prato, whence it was returned by the Pro-vicar to Ricci, who kept it in his hands, without giving it currency.

The first abortive attempt was followed by a second, after he had taken possession of his bishopric. In April, 1781, he was at Prato on occasion of the *solemn benediction of several bells* destined for the cathedral of that city. When he came into the church, and at the very moment of commencing the office prescribed for that superstitious ceremony, he was warned that it was intended to deceive him; but there was no time to inform him in what the snare laid against him consisted. Accustomed to the intrigues of priests, he promised that he would not let himself be surprised; and suspecting that some fraud lurked under the request that he should baptize the largest of the bells in honor of Jesus Christ, he refused to do it. The pretext he alleged was, that as all bells were dedicated to God, there was no need of a particular ceremony for that, and he gave the bell the name of Stephen, the patron of the town. When the office was concluded, he went to admire the workmanship of the new bells, in order to have time to examine them; and he discovered under the garland of flowers with which the principal bell was rather covered, than ornamented, the inscription *In honorem SS. Cordis Jesu.* At the sight of this he could not contain his indignation; he caused the inscription to be effaced, and complained of it to the Grand Duke. For this recourse to the civil power, Ricci was bitterly blamed by his enemies, and those of *social order.*

That devotion to the Sacred Heart caused Ricci still farther trouble. Salvi, a man deeply imbued with the spirit of the suppressed order, exposed throughout Prato, his native place, where he was Prior of the church of Notre Dame, pictures of the Sacred Heart, which he surrounded with rich ornaments, calculated to keep up the superstition of the people. He added indulgences, obtained from Pius VI. in favor of this new devotion, although it had not been previously verified and recognised for authentic by the Bishop, as the Council of Trent requires. Finally, he openly supported a fraternity illegally formed and introduced into Tuscany, in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

"Every body knows," says Ricci, "and fatal experience has too fully proved it during the troubles which still agitate Europe, how many machinations the Jesuits set on foot, under the protection of Pius VI. to re-establish their society. They imagined that this doctrine of the Sacred Heart would be the most proper centre and point of union for all who should labor to that end; with this view, they neglected no means, no artifice, to promote and establish this worship. The Popes before Clement XIII. had generally opposed it on religious grounds. After the suppression of the Jesuits, this superstition made little progress, on account of the vigilance and firmness of Clement XIV.; and in all probability, had that pontiff

lived longer,* it would have been buried with the suppressed order. "But God," says Ricci, "wished to try his church, in order to purify it, and has permitted that this devotion of the Sacred Heart should revive in all its force under Pius IV. who scattered indulgences in handfuls on the *Cordicoles;* the worshippers of the Sacred Heart."

Salvi was their apostle at Prato. He was cited to Florence by the Senator Bartolini, to answer for his conduct, but that cunning Jesuit seduced this magistrate from his duty, and Leopold had to reprimand him, and order him to apologise to Ricci for his conduct. The Bishop treated him on this occasion with the greatest attention, but could not win the obstinate heart of the Jesuit.

The city of Prato was entirely under the influence of the monks. The Jesuits and the Dominicans exercised there the most absolute power, the former directing the education of the youth of all the principal families of the neighborhood, and the latter managing the female convents. The Bishop was considered as little more than the chief personage of the place; his spiritual authority was nothing. In this situation of things, Ricci, jealous of his power, and especially so when religion and morality demanded its rigorous exertion, could hardly remain long without a dispute with the monks. Their first difference originated in the noimnation of a Dominican confessor and preacher, in which dispute Ricci saw himself overcome by the want of discretion in the Vicar-general, who took part with his opponents.

For a century and half previous to this, the total corruption of the Dominican order had been a matter of scandal throughout Tuscany. The spiritual direction which those monks had of the female convents had degenerated into the basest profligacy. A petition, dated 1642, still exists, in which the Gonfalonier of that period, and other representatives of the people of Pistoia, address the reigning Duke, praying for a reformation in the convents of the Dominicans of Lucia and Catherine. Ferdinand, however, did nothing, and the honor was reserved for Leopold.

Two nuns of the convent of Catherine of Pistoia, who had exposed the execrable principles and doctrines of the Dominican monks, their directors, gave rise to his wise reforms. They proved how much the profit which the monks, and above all, the Provincial and Confessor drew from their convent, as well as from others, hurt the temporal interests of those religious houses, and were gradually ruining them. They gave equally strong proofs of the spiritual ruin produced by the familiarity of the monks with the

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* The historian of the Life of Ricci here inserts a note which has for its object to prove the authenticity of the letters of Ganganelli. The Abbe de Belgarde thus expresses himself on this curious point of literary history, in two letters to Ricci, written in 1776:

"Have you seen the letters of Ganganelli? there are a good number of them addressed to the late Messieurs Lauri and Cerati. You and M. Martini ought to have read them. You are, of course, aware that there are some persons who throw doubt upon the authenticity of these letters; some through passion and interest, as the ex-Jesuits and infidels; and others through a fastidious spirit of criticism. For myself, I have not the slightest doubt on the subject. Independent of the evidence derived from the work itself, I have seen in the original, the letters of many persons of authority in Rome, of which transcripts had been furnished, which, in other points too, prove the truth of this publication." In another letter, the Abbe de Belgarde adds, "I have the satisfaction of knowing, that persons who have the best means of judging, particularly the Cardinal de Berni, regard the letters of Clement XIV. as authentic."

nuns, and the easy communication which they had with them. They ate and drank with their favorite sisters, remained alone with them in their cells whenever they chose, and whenever they could find a pretext, slept during the night in the cloister. Long habit had in fact so accustomed them to the greatest license, that scarcely any respect for public decency remained. We here insert the declaration of the nuns of Catherine of Pistoia, which was presented to the Grand Duke Leopold in the year 1775.

"Instead of allowing us to remain in our simplicity, and protecting our innocence, they teach us, both by word and action, all kinds of indencencies. They frequently come to the vestry, of which they have almost all the keys; and as there is a gate there, they commit a thousand indecorous acts.

"If they get an opportunity of coming into the convent under any feigned pretext, they go and stay alone in the chambers of those who are devoted to them. They are all of the same stamp; and they are not ashamed to take advantage of the circumstances of the visitation for those purposes. They utter the worst expressions, saying that we should look upon it as a great happiness without being exposed to the annoyance of children. They say that when this life is ended, all is ended; and they add that even Paul, who wrought with his own hands, should teach us; and that we should not hesitate to take our pleasures.

"They allow every kind of indecency to go on in the parlour. Though often warned by us, they do not break off the dangerous intimacies that are formed; and hence it has often occurred, that men who have contrived to get the keys have come into the convent during the night, which they have spent in the most dissipated manner. They also suffer the nuns to neglect the sacraments: they never think of introducing the practice of mental prayer, and they preach nothing but the pleasures of life. The sisters who live according to their maxims are extolled by them and indulged in every extravagance; and the others must either go with the stream, heedless of conscience, or live in a state of perpetual warfare, as is actually the case with us now.

"This is the real truth. We the undersigned attest it, without passion, and on our conscience.

"Anna Teresa Merlini, Madre di Consiglio.
"Rosa Peraccini, Madre di Consiglio.
"Flavia Peraccini, Madre di Consiglio.
"Gaetana Poggiali.
"Candida, Gioconda Botti.
"Maria, Clotilda Bambi."

The intercourse of the monks and nuns, according to Ricci, was arrived to such a pitch of infamous licentiousness, that topics of the most disgusting nature formed the usual subject of their conversation; while the greater part of the sisters deprived themselves of their money and every thing else to satisfy the rapacity of their lovers, performed for them the most servile offices, and even sometimes went by the name of their wives. A person who had been in the service of the Dominicans, told the Bishop many other things of a still worse kind, and that his principal employment had been that of a confidential messenger in their love-intrigues. Leopold, already well informed of this condition of the convents, to obtain still farther information, had the *fabriciens* of the establishment

examined, and found every thing he had before heard confirmed. He next had all the nuns themselves examined by the Lieutenant of Police; and seeing the necessity of some prompt and vigorous measure, appointed Bishop Alamanni to take without delay the spiritual superintendence of all the Dominician convents of Pistoia, and prohibited the Dominician monks, on pain of imprisonment, from approaching them. While Ricci was Vicar of the Archbishop of Florence, it was reported to him that in a convent of that diocese where the nuns all slept in a common dormitory, the two last beds were for the father confessor and his lay brother, that they might have them in case of being called to assist any sick sister during the night.

Alamanni resided at Florence, but, although at a distance from his diocese and eighty years old, he rendered an exact account of everything which occurred, and gave minute directions on every occasion of difficulty or doubt. Neither his gentleness, however, nor his kind feelings for the nuns, could overcome their pride and obstinacy. They constantly refused to regard him as their superior, or to show the least confidence in the confessors he appointed. They asserted that, by acting in a contrary manner, they should have incurred the excommunication of Pius V.; and the dread of this was so strong with many, that one who was dangerously ill at Lucia, never requested the sacraments. With some, this was the effect of ignorance; but in many, it arose from vicious passions and the desire of their safe indulgence. The monks, the nuns, and even the Cardinal-protector of the order, omitted no opportunity of assuring them, either by letters or secret emissaries, that if they continued firm, the tempest which menaced them would in a little time gradually be dispersed. By this means the nuns were confirmed in their obstinate resistance, in which they persevered.

A short time after the death of Clement XIV. in 1774, Alamanni addressed the Court of Rome to obtain the power and means for reducing the Dominicans of Pistoia under his authority. The Cardinals, assembled in conclave, granted his request, and confided to him a commission for governing the convents of Lucia and Catherine, and requested him to communicate such farther information as might be useful to the future Pope. He satisfied their demand, and added to the details already given, a lively picture of the abuse of authority of which both the priors and confessors in the convent of Pistoia were guilty.

The nuns, says Alamanni, nearly all declare the same thing respecting the dissoluteness and libertinism of their directors, of their materialism in doctrine, and the brutality of their sentiments; and that he had in a great degree a personal experience of the truth of these assertions, as he had been charged with their spiritual administration.

In the mean time the disorders increased at Lucia. The nuns uniformly united in opposing the Bishop, in refusing the sacraments, and remaining without a superior; since, after the death of the one who had governed them according to the direction of the Dominicans, they were determined to elect no other without their co-operation. They believed, or pretended to believe, that the provisionary power given by the Cardinals to their Bishop to replace the monks, was either supposititious or insufficient. At Catherine, the demon of discord reigned without restraint. Those who had been reclaimed were regarded as guilty of apostacy, as schismatics,

and excommunicated. The party opposed to them was, although less numerous, the most turbulent and determined. The threats of poisoning or strangling the complainants were nearly every day renewed, and no authority availed to subdue the pride of those miserably depraved nuns. The actual condition of those persons appears from the report which the three church wardens signed and presented to Leopold, and from a letter of one of the nuns to the Rector Camparini.

"The Prior and the Confessor take the liberty of going, whenever they please, into the vestry to converse with their favorites; whereas, according to the tenor of the Bull, they should not even communicate with them *ad loquendum bonum*: they have parties of pleasure there, and eat with the nuns. One time, on Easter-day, the other nuns going in a body to divert themselves there, surprised two other monks along with them, each passing his time with his favorite nun.

"The said Prior and Confessor, when they come into the convent to visit the sick, do not go to them *recto tramite*, as the Bulls direct, but wherever they please, and even alone with the nuns into their cells, and they walk together in the garden.

"If they are attending on any nuns that are dying, they eat and sleep in the monastery, which is prohibited, and they eat with whom they please, even with the sextonesses."

These irregularities are imputed not only to the Prior and Confessor, but to all those destined from time to time for these employments, who are guilty of constant ill conduct.

In a letter of Flavia Peraccini to Comparini, written August, 1775, she thus expresses herself:

"I learned yesterday morning that the *fratesses*, monkesses, had a letter last Friday from the Cardinal Protector of the order, in which he desires them to beseech the Lord to give them patience; that he would do all in his power for them, but that they should not be in a hurry, for the affair would be tedious. At all events, both they and the monks keep up their hopes, and make every effort to prevent any change. No one can have any idea of the extent of the intrigues of the monks; and the devices to which they have recourse to secure themselves, are astonishing.

"Every time I think of the plan of the Provincial to make us all communicate, and then to make us all sign a declaration that we attend the sacraments, and that every thing was done in good order, and thus make *liars* of us, I am perfectly unable to restrain my astonishment."

The reader is now well acquainted with the Dominican nuns and the monks, their seducers. It would be useless to make any observation on the interest which one of the princes of the church testified so openly for them, as well as the high protection which he promised them to aid them in resuming, as soon as possible, their claustral amours, and returning to their libertine habits, against the will of their Prince and their Bishop; of those who were charged, as they say, *by divine right*, to oblige them to live in a way the most *useless or most innocuous to society*.

Some letters of the nuns of Catherine of Pistoia, prove how far the immodesty of the refractory nuns, and of the monks their paramours, went. The former openly threatened the lives of such of the sisters as had ventured to reveal that tissue of debauchery, and to call on the Government to re-establish order and good morals.

In May, 1775, Marianna Santini, Prioress of Catherine, wrote to her diocesan, Alamanni, to say that she and her sisters submitted themselves to him unconditionally, and promised every thing that he required of them, "except a change of sentiment, as we are determined to die rather than live out of our holy order. The greater part of my nuns are determined to go into some other monastery of the order, and there is no other course to adopt.—Ours is a single will, most free and resolute, which will always make us adhere immutably to what we freely choose in the act of our solemn profession."

The complainants presented a petition to the Vicar of Bishop Alamanni, praying that he would deliver them from their turbulent companions.

"The poor nuns of Catherine of Pistoia salute the Vicar, and entreat him, by the bowels of Jesus Christ, to remove five nuns and two converses, lay sisters, who oppose the resolutions formed by his Royal Highness; otherwise there will result great mischief. They never cease to ill-treat the complainants by words, and they threaten to come to acts. We conceal ourselves through fear. Complainants know not what to do, whether they should quit the convent to save their lives. They pray you to adopt some measures before evening, or, as they have said, they will go out, &c.—Anna Terese Merlini—Rosa Paraccin—Maria Caterina Rossi—Candida Botti—Anna Luisa Saccardi—Gætana Poggiali."

Jue, 1775, they wrote to the Bishop Alamani himself:

"You must be already acquainted with the treatment that we experienced yesterday from Mother Ganucci, that is, her calling one of us a fool, because a sigh escaped her at dinner, in so loud a voice as to be heard at a great distance. She then, after dinner, called us jades and audacious wretches, and threatened to have us put to death. La Biagiola and La Campioni are always planning to do us mischief, and to poison us. We who know the sort of persons they are, and their little fear of God, live in terror all day and night.—They laughed at the communications made by you; and said quite loud in the garden—pardon us, and do not impute it to want of respect—that you were a knave and a dolt, that wanted to play the braggadocio, because you knew your power would soon be at an end, &c. Yesterday morning they read a book at the table, in which it is said, that the Emperor Charles IV. exempted the monks from the power of princes, and that they are only subject to the Empire, and in spirituals immediately to the Pope."

Maria Caterina Rossi, when calling for a new prioress for the convent of Catherine, thus expressed herself on the subject of the refractory nuns:

"Suffice it to say, that even in places requiring silence, they presume to bawl out at the bottom of the doors, even during the hours of repose; and say that we put ourselves in the hands of the Devil, when we put ourselves in those of the priests; and, finally, threaten to strangle us."

Anna Merlini wrote to the Bishop:

"The monks, as well as the nuns, have obtained what they desired; they wished for the ruin of the monastery, and they will see it. As soon as possession was taken by the Vicar, the Provincial went to Florence, and the Prior to Rome; for if they could do nothing else, they would succeed in having us displaced, and that the Confessor himself said to more than one of us. They commenced a

suit at Florence, and at Rome. The lay-brother belonging to the last Provincial remained here to give all the news to the nuns, and to extract from them every thing they knew, to communicate it to his superiors."

Alamanni in vain addressed the Court of Rome; in vain did he call for aid, and paint in the liveliest colors his affliction at finding his power altogether insufficient for the difficulties of the times. He obtained not even an answer.

In June, 1775, he wrote to the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars; and in July, to Cardinal Caraffa; but the same silence continued. In the meanwhile, the nuns laughed at the menaces, as well as the exhortations of their pastor. Alamanni wrote again, in September, to Cardinal Torrigiani, his old friend. He told him all the anxiety of his mind, and how much he suffered in seeing himself so deserted; but the only consolation he received from Torrigiani was an assurance, that he pitied his situation, and that he would do all in his power to bring the subject again into consideration. "It is not," says Ricci, "that Alamanni knew not in what manner, or to what extent he might use his authority; but he was not willing to hurt the prejudices either of his flock, which was favorable to Rome, or of the nobles of Pistoia, the daughters of whom peopled the two refractory convents. Nor was he willing to embroil himself in a quarrel with the See of Rome. He communicated to the Grand Duke the motives for his restraint; and the latter, who loved him ardently, assured him that he had no personal reason to fear either the intrigues of the monks, or the snares of the Nuncio. Finding that the Cardinal Torrigiana obtained nothing from the Congregation of Bishops, Alamanni prayed him to address Pius VI. himself. Torrigiani did so, and the month following he returned Alamanni an account of the Pope's reply. "The Holy Father," he said, "was not willing, in any way, to approve of the innovations illegally introduced into the two convents; and especially the design of the Tuscan Government to take away the direction of the convents from all the regular orders, the abuse of which the Pope declared he believed to be dictated by calumny." The Bishop of Pistoia died in the same month.

Ippoliti, his successor, the compatriot of the refractory nuns, and the relation even of many of them, hoped to overcome them by patience and kindness; but he was no more successful than Alamanni. He succeeded also as little in obtaining any assistance from the Congregation of Bishops; till at length the disorders increased to such a height, that Leopold himself interposed his authority. Intending to persue more general measures, in the hope that they would be more efficacious, he addressed a circular to the Tuscan bishops, desiring them to demand of the See of Rome the removal of the convents from the direction of the monks, and their submission to the spiritual government of the ordinaries. This measure had been constantly desired from the time of Cosmo I., and the Grand Duke conceived the project of effecting it. The circulars were set in 1776. The bishops who received them, were not ignorant of the excesses which the Prince wished to extirpate. They knew also that the direction of the convents by the monks, was in direct opposition to all the reforms which he intended to introduce for the good of religion throughout the States; and they had, consequently, no excuse for resisting his orders. But the Avocat Fei, the charge-d'affairs for Tuscany, was not a fit negotiator in such a

business. Of narrow views, blindly attached to the Court of Rome, and the devoted friend and admirer of P. Mamachi, he permitted himself to be blinded by the pontifical government. Although, therefore, he pretended to assist the reform, he rendered his concessions of no avail, by the conditions with which it was burdened, namely, that every Tuscan bishop should give an account of the convents, the spiritual direction of which was in his hands, in order that a proof might thus be afforded of the necessity of the transfer. This was the true method to carry on the disputes without end. The Bishop Ippoliti imagined that nothing should prevent the renewal of his complaints, or his demands to have all the convents committed to his power. But he soon discovered his mistake: the Court of Rome grants every thing to submission, and by favor; nothing to justice, to right and demand. Ippoliti received, in January, 1777, a letter from the Pope, in which he not only refused what the prelate had requested, but heaped reproaches upon him for having recalled an affair to the recollection of his Holiness, which he hoped had been forgotten since the death of Alamanni. The Bishop is, moreover, especially rebuked with having contributed to the execution of the plan of the Grand Duke to take the direction of the convents from the hands of the regulars, a plan, it is said, opposed to the canons, and hurtful to religion and the monastic orders. The only attempt at softening the refusal of this, and Leopold's request, was the putting of a few neglected and altogether vicious convents into the hands of some Tuscan bishops.

Ippoliti had another ray of hope; but he had too much good sense to be a favorite with the See of Rome, and the only concessions he could obtain, was a permission to transfer the refractory nuns of Catherine to the convent of Clement of Prato, which was under the direction of the Dominicans, and where they were received in triumph.

Still greater disorders than those which had been supposed to exist at Pistoia, were soon discovered at Prato. Ricci had his attention directed towards the latter by the disgraceful incontinency of two of the nuns. All the evil which existed was attributable to the Dominican monks. For many years, says the Bishop, those women lived plunged in the most infamous debauchery. The name of the one was Catherine Irene Buonamici, sprung from a noble family in Prato, aged fifty years; the other, Clodesin de Spighi, of equally noble descent, aged thirty-eight years. Every means had been employed by the Dominicans to prevent any of the circumstances from transpiring. When Ricci, however, received the government of the diocese, and Vincent Majocchi was appointed confessor to the convent of Catherine, the dreadful situation of its members became exposed to public notice. At the feast of Pentecost, Majocchi, more scrupulous than his predecessors, refused those two nuns absolution. In an instant the affair became known abroad. The Vicar of Prato, Lorenzo Palli, was informed of it, and Ricci himself hearing it reported, sent to obtain the details from the Vicar. The latter answered, that the nuns believed neither the sacraments of the church, nor the eternity of another life; that they denied certain criminal actions to be sins, and especially those of the flesh. Not content with what he had done, Majocchi went himself to Pistoia, to give the Bishop, and the *Penitencier* of the cathedral, who was the uncle of Spighi, an account of what had passed; but so oppressed was he with the difficulties which presented themselves

to a reform, that, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Ricci, he resigned his office.

Ricci wished to do nothing in this affair without the concurrence of the Dominicans themselves; but the rudeness and obstinacy with which they replied to his overture, are almost past belief. The Bishop, however, had to congratulate himself afterwards that no compromise took place, and that he was left to pursue his reformation to the utmost. The Grand Duke, having been informed by him of what had occurred, began by giving the most severe orders that no communication should take place between the convent of Catherine and the Dominican monks. He also collected whatever documents might tend to prove the complicated baseness of the Dominicans, and that also of the Dominicans at Pistoia in 1774, and which might enable him to examine the affair in all its ramifications. He submitted the measures which had been taken, two years after, 1776, to the Court of Rome, to obtain for the bishops the direction of the convents, but which measures the intrigues of the Dominicans at Rome totally destroyed.

The monks perceived the danger of their situation, and could discover no other method of lessening it, than that of exciting the people in their favor against the Government. For this purpose they prepared a nun of the convent of Vincent, at Pistoia, and obliged her to feign an ecstacy before the shrine which contains the body of St. Catherine. When this was done, a report was spread that the city was menaced, by this celestial sign, with some dreadful scourge. Instantly the church of the *Recollets* was filled with women, thinking the world was at an end, and demanding confession; nor was the tumult appeased till it was said that the misfortune only threatened the children of Saint Dominic.

The disorders discovered at Prato were only the sequel of those which the Government had rooted out of the convents of Pistoia. In two letters of Flavia Peraccini, Prioress of Catherine of Pistoia, to Comparini, rector of the episcopal seminary in the same city, the nun relates what passed before her eyes in her own convent, what had passed there before she wrote, and what still continued to take place in other convents, particularly at Prato.

"It would require both time and memory to recollect what has occurred during the twenty-four years that I have had to do with monks, and all that I have heard tell of them. Of those who are gone to the other world I shall say nothing; of those who are still alive, and have little decency of conduct, there are very many, among whom there is an ex-provincial named Ballendi; then Donati, Pacini, Buzzaccherini, Calvi, Zoratti, Bigliacci, Guidi, Miglietti, Verde, Bianchi, Ducci, Serafini, Bolla, Nera di Lucca, Quaretti. With the exception of three or four, all that I ever knew, alive or dead, are of the same character; they have all the same maxims and the same conduct. They are on more intimate terms with the nuns than if they were married to them.

"It is the custom now, that, when they come to visit any sick sister, they sup with the nuns, they sing, dance, play, and sleep in the convent. It is a maxim of theirs, that God had forbidden hatred, but not love; and that the man is made for the woman, and the woman for the man. They teach us to amuse ourselves, saying, that Paul said the same, who wrought with his own hands. They deceive the innocent, and even those that are most circumspect; and it would need a miracle to converse with them and not to fall.

"The priests are the husbands of the nuns, and the lay-brothers of the lay-sisters. In the chamber of one of those I have mentioned, a man was one day found; he fled, but very soon after they gave him to us as confessor extraordinary. How many bishops are there in the Papal States who have come to the knowledge of some disorder, have held examinations and visitations, and yet could never remedy it; because the monks tell us that those are excommunicated who reveal what passes in the order! 'Poor creatures!' said I to an English provincial, 'they think they are leaving the world to escape danger, and they only meet with greater. Our fathers and mothers have given us a good education, and here we learn the Ave Maria backwards.' He knew not what reply to make to me. God is my witness, I speak without passion. The monks have never done any thing to me personally to make me dislike them; but I will say that so iniquitous a race as the monks no where exists. Bad as the seculars are, they do not at all come up to them; and the art of the monks with the world and their superiors baffled description.

"When they notify the death of a nun, they make a panegyric on her in the circular letter, to show that they know how to direct these poor graceless creatures! God only knows if they are not utterly lost. How ill they are attended when on the bed of death! That, indeed, is carnaval-time.

"When they gave us the holy-water every year, they threw every thing, even the beds, into disorder. What a racket they used to make! One time they washed Father Mannis face, and dressed him like a nun. In short, it was a perpetual scene of amusement:—comedies and conversation for ever. Every monk who passed by on his way to the chapter they found some means of showing into the convent, and intreated a sick sister to confess herself. Everlasting scandal about husbands,—of those who had stolen the mistress of such a one; how others had avenged themselves in the chapter; and how they would not have forgiven even in death.

"Do not suppose that this is the case in our convent alone. It is just the same at Lucia, at Prato, at Pisa, at Perugia; and I have heard things that would astonish you. Every where it is the same, every where the same disorders, every where the same abuses prevail. Let the superiors suspect as they may, they do not know even the smallest part of the enormous wickedness that goes on between the monks and the nuns."

The next day the Nun Peraccini, who had been interrogated respecting Friar Buzzaccherini of Lucia, replied by the following letter. These details had been required of her because it was known that that monk had been sent as confessor to the nuns of Vincent of Pistoia, where it had been ascertained, the confessors were in the habit of staying every day till midnight, to the knowledge of the whole town.

"With respect to Buzzaccherini, he acted just like the rest, sitting up late, diverting himself, and letting the usual disorders go on. There were several nuns who had love affairs. His own mistress was Odaldi of Lucia, who used to send him continual treats; and he was in love with the daughter of our factor, of whom they were very jealous here. He too, like the other monks, used to send us his dirty linen. He ruined poor Concellieri, who was sextoness, for he was always asking something from her, and almost every morning she had to dress him some nice dish. They are all alike."

Some years ago the nuns of Vincent, in consequence of the extra-

ordinary passion they had for Father Lupi and Father Borghigiani, were divided into two parties, one calling themselves Le Lupe, the other Le Borghigiani.

He who made the greatest noise in Lucia was Donati, but I believe he is now at Rome. Brandi too was also in great vogue. He is now prior at Gemignano.

"It is true, that the temporal is not oppressive, but the nun who is always giving to the friar, how does she observe her vow of poverty?—At Vincent, which passes for a sanctuary, they also have their lovers."

The direction of the female convents by the regulars, usually produced corruption of morals. In a letter written from Rome, October, 1781, by the Advocate Zanobetti to Bishop Ricci, he hopes that it will end with the general adoption of withdrawing the nuns from the spiritual direction of the monks; "especially in the states, where, some years ago, it was necessary *to raze from the foundations* one of men belonging to the barefooted Carmelites, the other of women of the same order, which were joined, and in which, by means of subterranean passages, they led the ordinary life of men and women." Zanobetti had been five years employed in the office of assessor of the Inquisition, and knew much more about monks and nuns than the Bishop of Pistoia.

CHAPTER VI.

Examination of the Nuns of Prato.—Obstinacy of the Pope.—Ricci's visit to La Montagne.—Improvements in that district.—Reform of ecclesiastical studies.

The nuns of Lucia, in Pistoia, had voluntarily submitted themselves to their new pastor. Weariness, *ennui*, and principally their being deprived of the support of the convent of Catherine, had induced them to believe that no efforts they could make, would bring back the monks. This was not the case at Prato. The pride and madness of the Dominicans, opposed to the firmness of the Prince and the Bishop, drove things every day to greater extremity. The resorts of cunning remained, and a monk attempted to employ them. At the period when he was least expected, Calvi, a Dominican, arrived at Prato, authorized by an order from the Grand Duke to co-operate with Ricci in the examination of the existing abuses. He had been warmly recommended to the Prince by Seratti, his secretary; who hoped, by this measure, to moderate the zeal of Ricci. But Calvi spoiled all, by acting his part improperly; and Ricci, informed of his conduct, immediately made Leopold acquainted with his character, and had him recalled.

A Servite, named P. Baldi, had been commissioned by Ricci to examine the nuns and boarders of the convent of Catherine. During this affair, every one connected in any way with the Dominicans, was in the greatest agitation. "It is more easy to imagine, than to describe the fury of the monks and their adherents, at Prato. Tumults and secret machinations were formed, to free the accused nuns, and destroy every proof of their guilt. These turbulent monks had also a powerful assistant in the Papal Nuncio for Tuscany. He afforded them aid and protection, because he knew that their dishonor would fall on the Court of Rome. He defended and

prohibited the ex-Jesuits, whom his court also supported, because it saw that if it would continue to be a court, it must not allow these vigorous satellites of its despotism to be crushed.

June, 1781, Ricci wrote to the minister Seratti:

"The Dominicans are in motion; the Nuncio does not relax in his efforts to save them. It is not at all unlikely that he will endeavor to have the cause brought before himself, under the pretext of having received a special commission from his court, and in the hope, that the affair going on tediously, according to the usual policy of the Holy See, people will at last get tired, and the matters remain in *statu quo.*

"They say at Rome, to defend the monks, that the two nuns are mad; but, up to the present hour, no one has ever taken them for such. Besides, Buonamici was prioress of her society ten or twelve years ago. She and Spighi were, in 1775 or 1776, the one mistress, the other second mistress of the novices. Finally, they have been always admitted to partake of the sacraments, and that alone is enough to condemn the monks."

As protector of the licentiousness of the monks, the Nuncio thought he might at least partake of their less scandalous pleasures. In a letter of the Abbe de Bellegarde, one of the heads of the Jansenists at Utrecht, to the Bishop of Pistoia, March, 1782, he complained of this unclerical conduct: "What a scandal," replied the zealous Abbe, "to see monks at Florence giving in their convents, comedies, masqued balls, &c.; and to see the Nuncio of his Holiness present at them!"

But nothing could damp the courage or zeal of Ricci. The examination was continued, and the report of it was sent to Leopold, who commissioned his charge d'affaires at the Court of Rome to bring the subject before the Pope with all diligence.

The Grand Duke testified his impatience for a reply to his demands, by sending a courier extraordinary, who was not to quit Rome without an answer. The result was expected as anxiously by many of the nuns, as by Leopold; and the examination into the abuses of the convent of Clement was stopped, till it should be known. In the mean time, fresh proofs were every day sent to Ricci of the licentiousness of the monks and nuns. The public places and the shops of Prato resounded with reports of their excesses; and there was not a female who had been on an errand to the convent, who had not some anecdote to tell of their conduct. The boarders bore the same testimony to the barefaced vices of the nuns; and one mentioned that she had seen a play of Goldonis, "La Vedova Scaltra," performed much better by the nuns of Catherine than at the theatre. The Confessor was the most conspicuous of the spectators, and the performance was followed by conduct not fit to be related.

Ricci had taken every precaution in his power to stop the evil of this public scandal, but in vain; and he was obliged at last to have recourse to sending the two accused nuns to Florence. This was the more necessary, as the sisters had been seized with the spirit of proselytism, and, having lost the opportunity of spreading their opinions through the convent, they made an effort to corrupt the persons appointed to attend them in their confinement. Before their departure from his diocese, Ricci had them again examined, together with their companions, and made them sign their confessions in a formal manner before the proper legal authorities. What was

most remarkable, was this, that Buonamici, in making her deposition, kept adding explanations of the most indelicate nature, to develop the system of impiety and mysticism which had led her into error. She and Spighi were sent to Florence by night in separate carriages, attended by a priest, a layman, and an aged female: they were put into the Hospital *des Insenses* at Florence, where their behavior was tranquil and settled.

Ricci has given a full account of the wretched mental condition of the unfortunate sisters. Buonamici was endowed with great natural ability, and had composed several pieces of poetry of considerable merit. She had read Voltaire and Rousseau, and had stored her mind with their opinions. But her understanding had been chiefly perverted by the corruption of her manners. Imbued with both the impurities and the errors of the Gnostics, she began to make converts of her companions to her own ideas, but was contented with their becoming accomplices in her licentious conduct without penetrating farther into the mysteries of her system. Spighi, on the contrary, she believed to be more capable of comprehending her whole scheme of doctrine; but the latter was of an inferior mind to her teacher, and was not equally able, when examined, to elude the questions which were intended to lay open their conduct and opinions. Buonamici had sufficient subtlety and knowledge of the scriptures to torment her examiner, Longinelli, who afterwards acknowledged that there were many of her sophisms put so ingeniously, that at the time he was unable properly to combat them. Ricci said, "it is impossible to consider the frightful errors into which these deluded women had fallen, without horror." The holiest rites of religion had been subjected by them to the most disgusting obscenities; every doctrine of scripture was interpreted by them so as to authorize some shameful indulgence; and they pretended that for whatever they did or believed, they had the special illumination of the Holy Spirit.

The Bishop of Pistoia remitted to Rome whatever information he obtained on this important affair. At first this attention seemed to be well received, but it soon became different. Cardinal Pallavicini, the only one who had induced the Court of Rome to act at all reasonably, was obliged, on account of his health, to retire into the country, and leave the office of Secretary of State to Cardinal Rezzonico. The first indication which the latter gave of his disposition, was in his reply to Cardinal Corsini, who had asked him to confer upon Ricci, without delay, authority over the Dominican convents in his diocese. His answer was only virulent abuse of the Bishop, and of his conduct respecting the devotion of the *Sacred Heart.*

Cardinal Rezzonico was at the head of the Jesuit faction; the Dominican party joined it, and the league was strengthened by the common dangers and interests of both. A powerful party was thus formed against Ricci; but his resolution remained unshaken. He continued to write to Rome, and to every one whom he thought able to assist him in obtaining the consent of the Pope to his reformation of the convent of Catherine. His letter to Cardinal Corsini, dated July, 1781, is as follows:

"What I have ascertained by means of the examination held by the Inquisitor-extraordinary, fills me with horror; and the two unfortunate wretches have not only confirmed what was said by the nuns and the boarders, but have even, with unspeakable impudence,

said still more, confessing even a most horrible abuse of the sacrament of the eucharist. With the exxception of a Portuguese ex-jesuit, Bottillo, who conversed with them every day for an entire summer, after they had been already infected, I have not been able to discover with certainty any others guilty of teaching them such wicked principles; and even on him nothing can be positively fixed, except indecent acts and language. Ricci adds, that the two nuns only sought in their replies to exculpate the Dominicans from the charge of being their accomplices; which is also apparent from their original examinations. We have the testimony of Flavia Peraccini to fill up that void in their confessions. Taken with the information given by Buonamici and Spighi themselves, it serves to establish irrefutably the truth of what was indeed most probable, that the confessors and priors whom they name, were the sole teachers of the Spinozism, materialism, quietism, and licentiousness, with which these nuns were infected."

A letter of Ricci to the same Cardinal, July, 1781, says:

"The conduct pursued by so many provincials, priors, and confessors, in this and other convents, would make one apprehend that the evil was in the body, and that they systematically held opinions contrary to the law of Jesus Christ----With what confidence can bishops admit these men to the office of confessors, among whom we know that such evil prevails?"

The Bishop of Pistoia also wrote to the Pope, and sent him a detailed report of the principles which formed the doctrine maintained by the two nuns of Catherine of Prato. These principles were all deduced from the answers made by the two nuns themselves in their examinations already given.

In another letter, Ricci informs the Pope that the two nuns, who had been removed to Florence, as well as those who remained at Prato, refused to accuse any monk of their order, and that they even complained bitterly of the suspicions entertained against their confessors. They maintained that they had no need either of books, or of instructions, written or verbal, to form into a system the doctrines they professed, and which, they asserted, arose spontaneously in their mind. The Bishop of Pistoia added to his letter the depositions of the nuns of Catherine of that city, made in 1775, when that convent was taken from under the direction of the Dominicans,—depositions of which the subjects display the same errors as were afterwards found among the nuns of Prato, and which were ascribed to the instructions and insinuations of the monks. He relates this circumstance as a new proof of what it was so important to demonstrate fully, that these monks were alone guilty of all the disorders in the convent of Prato, whither they had gone to take the spiritual direction of the nuns of their order, after having perverted those of Pistoia.

In 1781, Ricci also wrote to Vasquez, General of the order of the Augustinians, to beg of him to have Buonamici's brother, who was under him, examined, and whom the depositions showed to have been in a very intimate relation with the convent of Prato.

Vasquez replied, that this monk was very simple, and even scrupulous; so much so, that he thought one time he ought to denounce his sister, for having spoken in his presence some suspicious words on the subject of religion.

In the above-mentioned letter to Vasquez, Ricci says: "The two unfortunate wretches, and especially Buonamici, have deposed, at

Florence, several additional circumstances, and have mentioned the Dominicans as being their teachers and encouragers in that school of iniquity."

The suspicions of the Bishop of Pistoia were thus completely confirmed, and there remained not the least doubt of the moral and religious depravity of the entire order of Dominic,—a depravity which the monks had incessantly labored to propagate, by initiating in the system of the most impious materialism, the nuns who were afterwards to minister to their sensual pleasures. This order was not the only one which had thus organized licentiousness by means of false opinions. In a letter from Signor Foggini to the Bishop of Pistoia, Rome, July, 1781, are these words:

"I was told yesterday, that the first seducer of this convent was a Jesuit. I know a monastery in which a Jesuit used to make the nuns lift up their clothes, assuring them that they thereby performed an act of virtue, because they overcame a natural repugnance."

It had been falsely reported at Rome, that neither the General of the Dominicans, nor the Pope, who were the natural superiors of the nuns, had been informed of any thing with which they should have been made acquainted. This, it was said, was a sufficient proof that unlawful means had been taken to assist the usurpation of the rights and authority of the Holy See. Ricci, who saw all the importance of such an accusation, lost no time in proving that the Dominican nuns had made frequent appeals to Rome and to their superiors, without obtaining a reply. They had especially addressed Pius VI., and the General Bonadois, but in vain.

One of the most important circumstances in this singular affair, is the manner in which the Pope and the General of the Dominicans were implicated in a matter of heresy, profanation, sacrilege, impiety, and licentiousness,—a matter of which they knew all the details, but which they seem to have regarded as calling for concealment rather than punishment. This circumstance will make every truly religious mind shudder. Besides the wrath of the head of a monastic order of shameful celebrity, and of the head of all Catholics, against those who could not extirpate errors and put an end to turpitude, except by making them public, the following pieces will serve to demonstrate completely what we have advanced—the authority of the pious Bishop of Pistoia.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Baptist Preacher's Survey of the Roman Catholic System

REV. JOHN T. GHRISTIAN, Hattiesburg, Miss.

(Concluded from the March issue)

Nunneries.

Neither do I charge that all nunneries are houses of prostitution, but the history of certain nunneries attest most damaging facts. I shall content myself by giving only a few facts. Here is an account of some outrages perpetrated upon young girls in the Saints Joseph and Theresa Convent, in the outskirts of the city of Naples, Italy. I quote from the leading German paper in the United States, the New York *Staats Zeitung*, November 8, 1894: "Silvia Palmieri, a Neapolitan girl, was sent to Saints Joseph and Theresa Convent to be educated. The mother superior, Theresa Ferrante, seventy years of age, promised the parents of the girl that when she finished her education she could leave the convent or remain there and take the veil. But when the girl's parents called to take her home they were met by the mother superior, who told them that their daughter was very happy and wished to remain in the convent and bid farewell to the outside world, and did not desire to see her parents. They begged for a few moments' interview with their daughter, but were refused. They then appealed to the District Attorney and Police Commissioner, who with a number of police went to the convent and forced an entrance. When they entered, instead of finding a happy young girl, they found her in tears, and she begged the officers to take her away from the convent. She said she had been seduced by gentlemen from Naples who visited the convent by consent of the mother superior, and to ascertain whether the girl's story was true or not a physician was called in to make an examination, and he stated that the girl spoke the truth. Upon these statements the mother superior was placed under arrest, Faher Rasto, the father confessor, was dismissed, and the other girls were sent to their homes and the convent was closed. There is great excitement in Naples over the disclosure of this horrible affair, and all the papers have taken it up. This same convent was raided and cleaned out four years ago."

In the memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, a Roman prelate, are found the following, among other statements: "The nuns

of Pistoia (a town of Tuscany) testified that the monks taught them omnia flagita (all vile things), and that they should look upon it as a great happiness libidines satisfacere potuerunt sine infantum incommodo. The Jesuits also taught the nuns pudenda exhibere virtus est * * * assuring them that they thereby performed an act of virtue, because they overcame a natural repugnance." (Vol. I., pp. 131, 132).

Rome claims that an adulterous priest is a better one than a married priest. This is so incredible that I offer the proof.

Hossius, President of the Council of Trent, says: "Pighius is blamed, who wrote that a priest, who through infirmity of the flesh, hath fallen into whoredom, sins less than if he should marry. This doctrine with some is vile, but with Catholics it is most honest." (Hossius, Confes., c. 56).

Costerus says: "Should a priest indulge in uncleanness, nay, keep a concubine in his own house, although he is thereby guilty of a great sacrilege, yet he sins more heinously if he marry." (Coster. de Coel., ib. Sacerdot.).

Cardinal Campeggio says: "That for priests to become husbands, is by far a more grievous sin than if they should keep many prostitutes in their houses." (Card. Camp., op. Sleid., com. 1, 4).

Mathias Aquensis says: "That a man who, after vowing continency, doth marry, offends more than he who, through human frailty, goes astray with an hundred different women." (Math. Aquen. Oper.)

Yet the pope granted dispensations to ecclesiastics to marry, and it was accounted no sin. It was, however, the old story of good pay. The pope gave such dispensations to Mauritio, son of the Duke of Savoy; to Cardinal C. Borgia, who, in the year 1500, became Duke of Valenza and married a wife, and to Cardinal Camillo, nephew to Pope Innocent X., in 1654.

But I am not done. These sins were not only permitted, but indulgences were sold and the revenue was used to support the Catholic Church. My meaning will plainly appear from the quotations I submit from Catholic authors.

Espencæus says: "Instead of chaste and pure celibacy, there hath succeeded impure and filthy whoredom." (Espen., 2, cap. 7, de Continentia). So that St. Bernard was compelled to state: "This whoredom, it is so common, neither can be concealed; nor doth it seek to be hid, it is become so brazen; both the clergy as well as the laity having permission given them to cohabit with their concubines upon the payment of a yearly sum of money, this toleration or indulgence hath got a firm footing; and this payment being made, they are at liberty to keep a concubine or not. O, execrable wickedness." (De per sec., cap. 29). In his comment on Titus he further complains: "Bishops, archdeacons and officials do ride about their dioceses and parishes, for the most part, not

to deter the wicked from their vices, but to draw out and to defraud both clergy and laity of their money, whom, upon the payment of a yearly revenue, they permit to cohabit with concubines and prostitutes. And this they exact in some places of even the chaste, for he may, say they, have a concubine if he please. And how often are those who keep concubines, and they so many, punished in any other way than by thus paying money."

C. Agrippina mentions "that Pope Sixtus IV. erected in Rome brothels, out of which a large weekly revenue was paid." (De Venitat. scien, p. 64).

Thaunus says: "In the year 1515 Pope Leo X., a man giving himself to all licentiousness, that he might from all parts scrape up money for his vast expenses, at the instigation of Cardinal Lorenzo Puccio, sent his bulls of indulgences, wherein he promised the expiation of all sin and eternal life, through all the kingdoms of the Christian world; and there was a price set, what every one should pay, according to the grievousness of his sins. He appointed collectors and treasuries through the provinces, with preachers to recommend to the people the greatness of the benefit; and those did mightily extol their power in drawing souls out of purgatory, shamelessly spending the money every day in brothels and taverns, at dice and most filthy uses." (Thaunus' Histor., l. i., p. 13).

Fasciculus Rerum says: "A number of Roman princes assembled at Nuremberg, A. D. 1522 and 1523, and stated an hundred grievances; the third is about the increase of the intolerable burden of indulgences, by which, under a show of piety to churches, or from an expedition against the Turks, the popes suck the marrow of their estates; and, which heightens the imposture, they say, by their hireling cries and preachers, Christian piety is banished, while, to advance their markets, they cry up their wares, for the granting of wonderful, unheard-of, preemptory pardons, not only of sins already committed, but of sins which shall be committed, and also the sins of the dead; so that, by the sale of these wares, together with being spoiled of our money, Christian piety is extinguished, while any one may promise himself impunity, upon paying the rate that is set upon the sin he hath a mind to commit. Hence, whoredom, incests, adulteries, perjuries, murders, thefts, etc., and all manner of wickedness, have at once their offspring. What wickedness will mortal man be afraid to commit when they promise themselves license and impunity in sinning while they live, and, for a little more money, indulgences may be purchased for them when they are dead." (Fasciculus Rerum expectend., fol. 177, 178).

What Nicholas Clemangis, a papal archdeacon, writes about cardinals, prelates, nuns and their horrible abominations is enough to shock any mind. Of the priests he says: "That

being drunkards, and of all men most incontinent, instead of wives they shamelessly keep prostitutes." etc., and what he says of the nuns I will not mention. (Lib. de corrupto statu ecclesiæ, an. 1417).

St. Bridget, a canonized woman, said of the pope: "Thou art like unto Lucifer, more unjust than Pilate, more savage than Judas, more abominable than the Jews. Thy throne shall be sunk like a great stone cast into the sea, that stoppeth not till it shall have arrived at the very depths of the ocean." (Brigitt. Rev., l. i., c. 41).

A book of rates was published and publicly sold. In it is fixed the tax for all manner of uncleanness and debauchery. The sums for such sins as incest, perjury, murder, etc., are given. (Taxa., etc., p. 326). Espencæus, after telling that it was openly sold, remarks: "It is a wonder that, at this time, in this schism, such an infamous index, of such filthy and to be abhorred wickedness, is not suppressed. There is neither in Germany, Switzerland, nor in any other place where there is a defection from the Roman See, a book more to their reproach. It teacheth and encourageth such wickedness as we may be afraid to hear named, and a price is set to all buyers; and yet it is not suppressed by the favorers of Rome." (Tit., c. i., digr. 2, p. 479).

This tariff was first established in 1316 by Pope John XXII., and first published by Pope Leo X. in 1514. Many editions have been published in Latin and French. An English translation was printed in this country in 1846. I give at random a few prices:

Robbing a church	$2 25
Simony	2 25
Perjury, forgery and lying	2 00
Robbery	3 00
Burning a house	2 75
Eating meat in Lent	2 75
Killing a layman	1 75
Striking a priest	2 75
Procuring abortion	1 50
Priest to keep a concubine	2 25
Ravishing a virgin	2 00
Murder of father, mother, brother, sister or wife	2 50
Nun for fornication in or out of the nunnery	5 00
Marrying on a day forbidden	10 00
Adultery committed by a priest with nuns and others	10 00
Absolution of all crimes together	12 00

Indulgences are still sold. I had cards of that character in my hand only the other day. Indulgences are regularly sold in all parts of the United States.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1854, page 162, writing from Rome, says: "That pardon for every crime has

its price, is no fiction in the annals of Rome; not that the traffic in absolution is openly indulged or always abused, but that it is in some cases openly avowed, I know, and sermons preached containing the detestable doctrine and the price attached to the greatest crimes against the law of God. Such a one was heard by a friend of mine, in Spain, in which the tariff was distinctly laid down. Good priests of every persuasion will reprobate this evil; but the Church of Rome, from which it sprung, still permits a practice so fruitful in profit to her treasury."

If you desire to know why Rome, in the face of these dark sins, still insists upon the celibacy of the clergy, the reason is not far to seek. I prefer, however, to give that reason in the language of Cardinal Rudolpho Pio di Carpi, which he used before the Council of Trent. He says: "That priests having house, wife and children, will not depend on the pope, but their prince, and their love for their children will cast their Church in the shade; that the authoriyt of the Apostolic See will be confined to Rome. Before single life was instituted, the See of Rome received no profit from other nations and cities. Now the See is the patron of many beneficiaries of which the marriage of priests would deprive it." (Sarpi's Hist. Coun. Trent, p. 527).

The Pharisee

Ralph M. Thomson

Feeble little blade of grass,
Swaying to and fro,
You have not the strength, alas,
To withstand one foe!

Wind or rain may beat you down—
Frail are you from birth;
Let a sunbeam burn you brown,
And you fall to earth!

This I thought until, alas,
I was sin-defamed—
Feeble little blade of grass,
Then I felt ashamed!

Peter, the Rock

An Original Study by W. H. Young, D.D.

Status of the Text, Matt. 16:18

It is found in Codices BCDEFGHK LMSUV, X, 1, 33, also in the Pesheto Syriac Version.

Codex B—Vaticans, made in Egypt in the 4th century.

Codex C—Ephraemi, in Paris, a Palimpsest of Ephraems writings, written in Alexandria in the 6th century.

Codex D—Cantabrigiensis, at Cambridge, England, written at the close of the 5th century.

Codex E—Basileensis, at Basle, of the 8th century.

Codex F—Boreeli, at Utrecht in Holland, 9th century.

Codex G—Harleianus, British museum, 9th century.

Codex H—Wolfii, at Hamburg, Germany, 9th century.

Codex K—Cyprius, at Paris, brought from Cyprus, 9th century.

Codex L—Regins Parisiensis, at Paris, Alexandrine, 8th century.

Codex M—Campianus, at Paris, 10th century.

Codex S—Vaticans No. 354, written in 949.

Codex U—Naniams, at Venice, 10th century.

Codex V—At Moscow, 9th century.

Codex X—Monacensis, at Munish, 9th century.

Codex O—San Gallensis, in Library of St. Gall, Switzerland, 9th century.

Cursive Codex 1—Basle, 10th century.

Cursive Codex 33—Paris, 11th century.

And all later MSS.

Peshito Syriac Version, ascribed to the 2nd century, and by some editors to the 1st century, although portions and details of the New Testament in Peshito are of a later date, its general contents date from the 2nd century or earlier.

These MSS were written at those dates, but were copies of exemplars of much earlier dates.

These codices form the basis of what is everywhere now accepted as practically the original text.

There can be no question as to the genuineness of these words in Matthew, 16:18.

THE GRAMMATICAL STATUS.

If it had been intended to say "*Upon Peter I will build my church*," the noun "*Rock*" would have had to be masculine—both because *Peter* was a male, and because the *word Peter* already used was masculine.

It seems to be grammatically impossible to make "*this*" refer to "*Peter*," because "*this*" is in the feminine gender, whereas "*Peter*" is masculine.

THE RHETORICAL STATUS.

There is an evident balancing of expressions here. Peter says to Jesus, "Thou art the Messiah," and Jesus responds to Peter, "Thou art a Rock." Jesus had called himself the "Son of Man," to which Peter responded "thou art the Son of God."

In like manner Jesus gives two names to Peter, "Bar Jona," or "Son of a Dove," and "Peter" a "Stone."

Peter was not supreme, only a leader.

It is evident, here and elsewhere, that Peter put himself forward as a leader and spokesman.

But Peter was far from being supreme.

(1.) In this chapter, Matt. 16: Jesus turns upon Peter and calls him "Satan," and "an offense," and says he

savors of lower thoughts than Christians.

(2.) Peter does not seem to regard himself as "*the rock*," but only as one among equals.

In I Peter, 2:4-8, he says: "*Ye also* as living stones." He is here speaking of Jesus as the "chief corner stone," Jesus "a living stone," "stone-head of the corner."

(3.) Jesus took Peter, James and John, not Peter alone to witness his important experiences.

(4.) In John 21:22-23, when Peter asked what should John do. Jesus replied, "What is that to thee," or "Its none of your business," which it would have been if Peter were supreme.

(5.) In Acts 1:15. Peter tells them to select another apostle, and Matthias is elected. But God selected Paul for that place. Hence Peter has no authority.

(6.) In Acts 15th. Peter's act in baptizing the gentiles is brought up before the Apostles—Peter cannot decide as their Pope. In verse 13, James, not Peter, gives his decision; verse 19, which carried the vote, verse 22.

(7.) Even at Pentecost Peter is only a leader, the others being given equal honor. See Acts 2:14, "Peter standing up with the Eleven," also 2:37 the converts "spake unto Peter and the *rest of the disciples*."

See also Acts 5:29, "Peter and the *other apostles answered*."

(8.) It was Peter and John combined who performed most of the important deeds that helped to build the church. See Acts 3:1. "Peter and John went up together." 3:11, "The man which was healed held Peter and John." 4:13, "They saw the boldness of Peter and John." 4:19, "Peter and John answered." 5:29, "Peter and the other apostles answered." 8:14, "They sent unto them Peter and John."

(9.) Paul says that Peter, James and John were the pillars of the church at Jerusalem, Galatians 2:9. Paul charged Peter with dissimulation, Galatians 2:11-16.

It is to be well noted in Galatians 2:14, that when Paul charges Peter with inconsistency, he never speaks of Peter as supreme, or a rock, but only as an ordinary Jew amongst the rest.

In the same chapter 2 of Galatians Paul says that he doesn't recognize any peculiar authority or importance in any of them as over *him*. See verse 6, "but of these that seemed to be somewhat, whatsoever they were, it maketh no matter to me." Hence Peter had no supremacy at that time.

JESUS IS THE ROCK ON WHOM THE CHURCH IS BUILT.

I Cor. 10:4—"The Israelites drank of the Rock—Christ."

Rom. 9:33—"Jesus is the Rock of offence."

Psalm 18:2—"The Lord is my rock;" 46: "blessed rock."

Psalm 27:5—"He hath set my feet upon a rock."

61:2—"The rock that is higher than I."

62:2—"He only is my rock and my salvation."

Is. 32:2—"Shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Daniel 2:34-45—"The Stone cut out without hands."

Acts 4:11—Peter himself calls Jesus the Rock foundation of Christianity. "This (Jesus) is the Stone, set at naught of you builders which is become the head of the corner, for there is none other name, whereby we may be saved."

Eph. 2:20—"Jesus himself being the chief stone," and none other foundation can be laid.

New Jerusalem had 12 foundation stones, but all apostles were equal in it.

CARTWRIGHT'S EVIDENCES VS. RHEIMISTS.

Theophylact—Church built on Peter as on the rest of the apostles—merely on their confession.

Cyril—The Rock is the unshaken faith of Peter.

Hilary—The faith and confession of Peter "is the happy foundation of the church, and upon this Rock of Confession is the church builded."

Basil—Faith is the Rock.

Augustine—The Rock is the Confes-

sion, and the name Peter given him because he represented the church by his confession. Every member of the church is a Rock.

Tertullian—The Rock was Peter alone and not church of Rome.

Origen—"Whoever is a scholar of Christ is a Rock, all church doctrine is built on this." "Shall we say that the gates of hell shall not prevail only as to Peter, and not to John and the rest?"

Cyprian—The church is built on Peter, but on the rest of the apostles as well.

Ambrose—This title of Rock was communicated to Peter because he had of Christ the Rock the steadfastness of Faith.

Jerome—The rest of apostles equally the Rock.

Apiphanius—Church was founded in Peter, but the church of Alexandria was supreme over Egypt, as the church of Rome was over its own territory.

Chrysostum—Rock is Faith and Confession.

Council of Chalcedon—Decided that the churches of Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople should have equal dignity and privilege as church of Rome.

Cartwright argues, that, as Peter taught first at Jerusalem, then Lydda, then Joppa, Antioch, Caesarea, Alexandria and Rome, therefore each of those places should be as much the seat of Peter as Rome, and as Rome spilled Peter's blood, these others should have the preference. As Jerusalem spilled the blood of Jesus, a greater than Peter, it should be greater than Rome.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

ONE of the Boston dailies published, in a Sunday edition, a few months ago, the following news item:

New York, Feb. 23.—In return for the miraculous interposition of St. Anthony in saving the life of each, according to the conviction of their parents, twelve boys, the oldest 11, the youngest 7, today took the first vows of the Order of St. Francis at the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, 151 Thompson sreet.

The Catholic folk who live about the church reverence St. Anthony above any other saint. The story is told that a year ago a child in swaddling clothes dropped from a high window. His mother, seeing him fall, cried out, "St. Anthony, save him, and he shall be yours for life." The little one dropped unhurt to the street. In similar fashion all the boys who today took the vows have recovered from some illness or have escaped from some dire danger due, their mothers think, to the prayers which St. Anthony granted.

One of the dozen boys, Philip Vaccio, took the investures of Monkdom for life. He had been released from the throes of a lingering illness, his mother said, by the kindly administrations of St. Anthony.

None of those boys—poor little victims of sottish superstition! will ever be free again.

Rome has fastened them for life.

Is it good public policy to allow any church to rob mere children of their liberty? Can a child of tender years know what it is doing?

Without a word of prayer to any "Saint," we read of seemingly miraculous escapes made by men, women, boys, and girls: on the contrary, countless thousands of human beings go to the death, every day, Saint or no Saint.

The Saint always gets credit when death does not follow prayer; but if death *does* follow the prayer, the Saint's halo remains undimmed.

The Sacred Heart Magazine runs a Question Box for the pope's papes: here is a sample—

Q: My father will not allow me to enter a religious order. What shall I do?

A: Follow the direction of your confessor.

Here we have the familiar case of the impressionable girl, worked on by the lustful priest, through her blindly pious mother, until she wants to "take the veil."

The lustful priest is *very* much interested in getting her behind the door of the convent, where the State cannot enter and ask the silly victim what the lustful priest has been doing to her.

But the father has evidently been reading something, or hearing something, that opened his eyes.

He has begun to have his doubts about the immaculate virginity of these portly, red-faced priests who have no wives, but who are seen slipping in and out of convents, (where unmarried women are securely kept under lock and key) and in and out of the homes of devout Catholic women, when their husbands are away.

The father of the girl cannot understand why his daughter can be made more purely pious by being locked up for life, in a dark dungeon inaccessible to all men, except portly, thick-lipped, bull-necked, red-faced priests.

Therefore, Papa objects to the movement of his ewe-lamb toward the den of the wolf.

But the girl no doubt listens to Mamma—who has in her turn listened to Father Wolf—and she writes to the Sacred Heart Magazine for advice.

She gets it, of course.

She gets exactly the kind of advice Father Wolf knew she would get.

The Sacred Heart editor tells this immature girl that she is not to listen to her Papa, *but must obey Father Wolf, sitting in the confessional*, where he has already soiled her purity beyond cleansing, by asking those nasty

questions *which would not be allowed in the lowest negro dive.*

Poor Papa! His little girl innocently goes to Father Wolf, and this vulpine beast of prey tells her, that the Holy Virgin wants her to become the "Bride of Christ."

She wears the white veil, is treated in a heavenly manner, is transported with delight, and floats with the clerical current into the *irrevocable* vows, and *the black veil.*

Then the door shuts her in, never to be seen any more, until she has become too old for conventual uses.

A few nights after the black veil and the black door have closed her in, she finds herself *not* the Bride of Christ, but the helplessly screaming victim of the lusts of Father Wolf.

No, no! the State must not be allowed to periodically inspect the convents, where the wolves keep their sheep.

CATHEDRAL STRUCK.

Last week lightning struck the tower of the cathedral of St. John, Milwaukee, doing considerable damage.—Pittsburg **Observer**, Catholic.

Thats what they get by neglecting to tie a miraculous medal to the steeple.

The Catholic friends of Catholic soldiers should take warning, and buy the straps of holy cloth, called "scapulars"—as per the persuasive advertisement below:

SCAPULARS FOR SOLDIERS.

Elsewhere we publish a letter from a correspondent, who points out the need which exists for supplying our Catholic soldiers with the Brown Scapular, thus enabling them to participate in the innumerable graces and mercies bestowed on those who wear it reverently. Many who have friends or relatives at the front will, no doubt, welcome the suggestion, but if there are any of our charitable readers who desire to bestow scapulars on our Catholic troops in the fighting line, we shall be happy to undertake their transmission. Parcels of scapulars or scapular medals should be addressed to the Editor, "Irish Catholic," 55 Middle Abbey street, Dublin.

Evidently, those Catholic soldiers who have been slaughtered in Europe had failed to buy the holy straps of cloth called "scapulars," miraculously endowed with "innumerable graces and mercies," which the Catholic can enjoy by purchasing the holy straps.

The Benziger magazine—Catholic—sweetly acknowledges that Protestant public worship is not tolerated in Spain, where the Italian pope controls, as you will see from the question and answer below:

Q.—Is it true that in Spain the members of Protestant churches are not allowed to use the front door of their church, but must go in and out the back door?

A.—According to the Constitution of Spain the Catholic religion is the religion of the State, and the nation pledges itself to support the Catholic worship and the Catholic clergy. All residents of Spain are free to follow any religion they prefer, as long as it is not in conflict with Christian morality. But no church, except the Catholic Church, is allowed to have any public ceremonies or exterior manifestations. This is the reason why no Protestant church can have a public entrance, or show by exterior signs that it is a church.

Pope Pius X. thus set forth the real nature of the Papacy, a few years ago:

The Pope is not only a representative of Jesus Christ, **but he is Jesus Christ Himself, hidden under the veil of the flesh.** Does the Pope speak? **It is Jesus Christ who speaks.** Does the Pope accord a favor or pronounce an anathema? **It is Jesus Christ who pronounces the anathema or accords the favor.** So that when the Pope speaks we have no business to examine. **We have only to obey.** We have no right to criticise his decision or discuss his commands. Therefore, **everyone who would wear the crown ought to submit himself to Divine Right.**

Perhaps the above clip. will enable you to better understand why the Roman Catholics never read the Bible.

They don't need to. *Christ is with them, always, in the flesh of an Italian priest who is called "Pope."*

With Christ at their head, why lose time reading the Bible?

With a personal Christ for leader, why search the Scriptures?

Inasmuch as the secret rules of the Roman Curia (Senate of cardinals) require that none but Italians shall be

elected Pope; and, inasmuch as the Italian Pope is Christ manifested again in the flesh, it follows that God is an Italian.

Upon what ground does the Almighty base this invidious partiality?

A BOYCOTTED BOOK.

There was recently published by the Beacon Publishing Co., Atlantic City, N. J., a book called "Christianity's Greatest Peril." The volume is well-written, well-printed, and handsomely bound in cloth. The author is Augustaus Conrad Ekholm. In his preface the author says:

"Desperate efforts are being made today by reactionary and baneful forces to have false sovereigns take the place of our ideals of government, to encroach upon our personal liberties and rule over our private rights. We are rapidly nearing a critical point in our national existence when we must arouse ourselves to overthrow the inimical influence of Romanism seeking to gain control over our political affairs and dominate our religious and intellectual liberties, or we must submit to the disastrous rule of such contemptible dominion."

The book is full of strong things, carefully presented and fully convincing. It was put on sale at the book-stores, and then began papal machinations. Among other stores in which it was on sale, was that of the A. C. McClurg Co., Chicago—a professedly Protestant house. The A. O. H., K. of C., etc., threatened McClurg, through the "Catholic Federation," a papal boycotting combination, and here is the result, as given in the Federation organ for January:

"The attention of the A. F. McClurg & Co., Publishers, of Chicago, was directed to an advertisement entitled "Christianity's Greatest Peril," which appeared in their holiday Bulletin. This book is grossly insulting to Catholics.

"Under date of December 16th, Mr. Ogden T. McClurg, President of the firm, made the following response:

December 16th, 1915.

"The American Federation of Catholic Societies, Chicago, Ill.

"Attention—Mr. Anthony Matre.

"GeGntlemen:—Yours of the 15th inst is before us and in answer we beg to offer the following explanation:

"You will probably realize that in a business of this kind we are exceedingly busy at this time of year. We have a new advertising manager who does not entirely understand the policy of the house. The advertisement in question which appears on page 210 of our Holiday Bulletin was accepted from a firm who had never advertised with us before, and our man accepted it without realizing its purport.

"We regret the occurrence, and wish to assure you that the advertisement will not appear in any subsequent number of our bulletin. Yours very truly,

"A. C. McCLURG & CO.,
"Ogden T. McClurg, President."

HOW THE PERSECUTING PAPISTS WAKED UP ONE DORMANT AMERICAN.

In Atlantic City, New Jersey, there is a magnificent hotel, named "The Monticello:" its Manager and owner is A. C. Ekholm.

In the early part of 1911, the *Watson's Magazine* was carrying an advertisement of Mr. Ekholm's hotel.

At the National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, held in New Orleans some months previously, a Resolution had been adopted, to the effect that "*Watson must be put out of business.*"

Archbishop Blenk was doubtless present when this truly Roman resolution was passed, for in the next issue of his bitterly abusive and rankly treasonous paper, *The Morning Star*, he published the resolution, commented upon it savagely, and as good as said that Watson would be soon laid out.

A. J. Saxby Bordeau, who was then the circulation manager of *The Protestant Magazine*—which afterwards expired, from too much kid-glove, silk-hat, and "proud punctilio" in its Protestantism—wrote to me, enclosing old Blenk's tirade, and putting me on my guard.

There wasn't anything I could do, except to "wait for the wagon."

Pretty soon, it came along: the virtuous Federation's pious and patriotic Secretary—an Italian named Anthony Matre—began to write letters to all of our advertisers, using a thin veil of mild words to disguise a malignant threat of boycott, unless the advertisements were withdrawn from *Watson's Magazine.*

Is such a use of the mails legal? No.

Is a conspiracy by federated societies to ruin a legitimate business legal? No: *it is a crime.*

Suppose I had endeavored to punish these Catholic criminals, who were illegally conspiring, and illegally using

the mails to destroy The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, what would have been the result?

The Knights of Columbus on the grand jury would have violated their oaths of office, and refused to find a true bill.

That's what the Catholic Mayor of New York, John Purroy Mitchell, publicly accuses these criminal Knights of Columbus with doing, in the cases that he brought in New York against those rascally priests, who had been robbing the State and starving the orphan children in the State's charities.

If these criminal Knights of Columbus prostitute themselves against a Catholic Mayor, who was trying to get a square deal for helpless orphan children, you can imagine what they would do for me, if they got a chance.

A secret society whose garments yet drip with the blood of the foully murdered William Black, will do anything that is dastardly and vile and mean and *popish*.

Therefore, it would have been worse than folly to have begun a criminal prosecution against these federated papal traitors, persecutors, and criminals.

Being nothing but a solitary citizen of a somnolent Republic, in which the Protestants were sweetly passing into the sleep of spiritual death—under the opiates administered by long-headed Jesuits and sap-headed Protestant preachers—I was unable to hit back at these cowardly and malicious Papists.

The vicious Italian, Anthony Matre, continued to write to the advertisers, covertly hinting at just such a boycott, "all along the line," as was flung at the Hotel Dempsey, in Macon, Georgia, when the malignant Catholics of that city had determined to drive Manager W. E. Reed out of town.

One by one, the frightened advertisers dropped off; and the malicious criminal, Anthony Matre, published the names of these weak-kneed cravens, gloating over the apparent fact that he was "putting Watson out of business."

Such is the sweet and holy virtue peculiar to the foreign church whose fixed, fundamental law is the doctrine that priests have the inherent right to debauch women and murder heretics.

(*I can prove this, from Roman Catholic "Theology," approved by the latest popes.*)

But while all this criminal campaign against our Jeeffrsonian Company was going on, there was one of our advertisers who defied the venemous Italian —Anthony Matre—and who stood upon his rights, as a free American citizen.

This man was Mr. Ekholm, of the Monticello Hotel.

What happened? Did lightning strike the Hotel? Did Ekholm fall down, dead? Did the guests all shriek, scamper away, and leave the house a desert?

No: strange to say, *nothing happened.*

Anthony Matre realized that he was up against A Man, and the malevolent little scoundrel called off his dogs.

He knew perfectly well that if he and his gang started any boycott on Ekholm's hotel, Ekholm would sue the Federation, in the U. S. Courts, for damages.

That's what I would have done, had it not been for the fact that my 27-year fight on rotten politics and rotten business, makes it impossible for me to expect justice in any such case.

If my other advertisers had taken the same stand that Ekholm took, the Pope's American Criminal Conspiracies couldn't have harmed them, or me.

Mr. Block, the President of the Hotel Dempsey, needn't have acted pussillanimously with his faithful Manager, W. E. Reed.

Block didn't *have* to act the cowar''

He could have said to those Macon footkissers—

"You threaten my hotel because I won't discharge my Manager for having done his duty! I defy you!

If you take any concerted steps to interfere with my legitimate business, I will swear out warrants against every one of you, *separately*, and I will also

sue all of you, *collectively*, for damages."

Mr. Ekholm not only defied the American Federation of Catholic Societies—*as contemptiously and* CHALLENGINGLY, *as I mayself did*—but his brush with Matre stimulated his interest in the whole Roman Question.

It naturally occurred to him, that a foreign church which could come in here, and live *so* meekly, *so propitiatingly*, and *so* inoffensively, for nearly 300 years—and *then* change its attitude, so suddenly, so radically, so viciously, so intolerantly, and with such lawless, insolent, arrogant confidence, must be a new, ominous, portentious Thing—altogether different from the Catholicism of former times, which used to pussy-foot around, smiling its deprecating smile, studiously avoiding papal parade and truculent utterance, as who should say—

"Mr. Horse, we both use the same barnyard; and I am only a modest little rooster, while *you* are a great, big quadruped; let us agree to live together in amity and brotherly love: let us agree that we will not tread on each other."

Yes, indeed; that's the way the Catholics used to talk.

It isn't so, now.

Times have changed. The Catholic immigrant has submerged the American element; and we are *now* beginning to see the same murderous features of Popery, that cursed Europe with more than 1200 years of Ignorance, Superstition, and horrible wars.

Coming back to Ekholm: he began to study the Roman *system*, its law, its theology, its literature, its organization, and its bloody, infamous record.

What was the result?

One result was, that he published against Rome a more powerful book than that for which the Pope's criminal gangs prosecuted me for five years.

Ekholm's work is entitled, "CHRISTIANITY'S GREATEST PERIL."

It made Rome howl, and the terrified priests have done their utmost to keep the Book Trade from handling it.

This entire transaction, in which *the oathbound subjects of a foreign priest* use the most malignant and unlawful means to ruin free Americans, is so thoroughly in line with *the law of the satanic church of Rome;* so consistant with the hounding of R. B. Cole, by Pete Dignan, the Catholic POSTMASTER OF JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA; so consistent with the malicious persecution of W. E. Reed; so in keeping with the assault upon Dr. Barnett, the attempts to murder Billy Parker, the kidnapping of Rev. Otis Spurgeon, the burning of the Gospel-tent of Evangelist Boles, and the dastardly assassination of William Black—that I will quote a part of Mr. Ekholm's story, told in his splendid booklet, "PAGANISM VS. AMERICANISM."

After stating that he ignored Matre's first letter, "as being unworthy of any reply whatever," Mr. Ekholm says that Matre wrote him a second letter which was "a challenge to my manhood, and I could not refrain from making a reply."

The reply was as follows:

PRIVATE OFFICE
HOTEL MONTICELLO.

Atlantic City, N. J., June 12th, 1911.

Anthony Matre, National Secretary, American Federation of Catholic Societies, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:—We are in receipt of your letter of the 9th, and also your previous letter. I am frank to state, in reply, that the reason I did not reply to your letter was, I do not approve of the methods you are pursuing to get the wrongs you claim that Watson Magazine has done you, rectified. You evidently infer that I should withdraw my advertising from the publication as a rebuke to the publishers, for an injustice that you feel they have done; this seems to me a matter that you ought to take up with the publishers direct. You have recourse to the courts for any damage that you have suffered, and this, it seems to me, would be the practical, business-like way of adjusting your grievance. Not knowing both sides of the question, I feel that I am not competent to judge whether you have been wronged by the publishers or not, therefore do not feel that I should be called upon to render a verdict.

Trusting that you may arrive at a satisfactory solution of your grievance, I am

Yours very truly,

(Signed) A. CONRAD EKHOLM.

A. C. E.—ESS.

I knew of this correspondence at the time, for Mr. Ekholm sent me a copy of his courageous reply to the malignant Matre; but I never heard anything more from it, and did not know whether Ekholm had fallen down. dead, or not.

Along about then, I was being arrested and yanked around myself, and was variously busy frying my own fish.

Not until a robust jury of genuine Georgians had kicked out of court the popish prosecution, in December last. did I know that Mr. Ekholm had "peeled for a fight," and gone after this foreign conspiracy of popish criminals, in dynamic books.

Then, of course, I wrote to him, and learned something of his part in the battle.

In his booklet, he says, immediately following the letter which I have copied—

I wish to explain that at the time I wrote the above letter I was not identified with any patriotic organizations. I was quietly engaged in my own business, and was not disposed to favor either side, but I thought of the command, "do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and I felt as though if I had been in Mr. Watson's place it would have hurt me to have any of my patrons take the action against me which Mr. Matre's letter boldly demanded.

Mr. Ekholm then shows how the cunning scoundrel, Matre, endeavored to crawfish, and keep his popish Federation conspiracy out of the reach of the law.

I am sorry we have not space for it all, but will quote this much:

Mr. Matre's words: "We do not expect to GO TO THE COURTS, because this would give him notoriety" are also rather hard to understand. If a murder or any other criminal or civil offense is committed, would one be justified in applying the methods of the boycott in preference to taking the case to court, on the pretense that the accused would receive "notoriety" as the result of a properly instituted legal trial?"

Evidently the notoriety that would ensue from such a trial of Mr. Watson, **is likely to be more damaging to the Roman hierarchy than it would be to Mr. Watson,** and therefore they would rather resort to the **underhanded methods** of the boycott to accomplish their object. And somehow they have come to rely on this means more than any other to gain their ends. In the case of Watson's Magazine, how well they succeeded became known at the convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies which met in Milwaukee, two years after the time of the foregoing correspondence, **when open boasts were made that the Federation had succeeded in having eighteen firms withdraw their advertisements from Watson's Magazine.** Only two out of twenty firms they had set out to intimidate had failed to submit to the **club of the Roman boycott.**

Those of us who take an interest in issues of vital importance to the welfare of our country, will watch with a great deal of interest the outcome of the proposed Congressional inquiry into the Roman Catholic investigation which has recently been introduced by Congressman Lindbergh of Minnesota. I predict the most bitter opposition to this measure on the part of the Roman hierarchy.

If Rome was as innocent and harmless and beneficent to our country's welfare as she pretends to be, she would court an exposure and investigation of her methods and policy, instead of so vehemently protesting against it.

Mr. Ekholm proceeds to relate how P. H. Callahan, of the Louisville, Ky. Paint and Varnish Company, has systematically intimidated such mercantile firms as Colgate & Co. (Soap!) Jersey City, N. J.; Kelloggs's Toast Cornflake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.; and Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield. N. Y.

He also tells how the Pope's American Federation of Lawless Boycott and Assassination Societies, frightened A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago Bookdealers, and forced them to quit handling the Ekholm book, "CHRISTIANITY'S GREATEST PERIL."

(As per the clipping preceding all this.)

Here's a foreign church, whose permanent laws and theology make for murder, immorality, and idolatry: whose record is gory with the blood of millions of innocent men, women, and children; whose organization is the very uttermost extreme of One-Man Power, buttressed by secret societies whose inner springs are concealed from the laity, *and from one another;* whose

declared aim is to destroy civil and religions liberty; and whose criminal agencies are even now constantly at work to change American ideas, American principles, American laws, and American governments.

If I couldn't prove it by the fixed laws and official declarations of the Roman church itself, I wouldn't say it.

Yet, in spite of all this, our Republic sleeps on, *sleeps on*, SLEEPS ON, with the earthquake gathering its terrors beneath us, so cunningly have Papal priests and Prostitute preachers administerd the anodyne.

Dear Mr. Watson: Following your instructions in a recent letter relative to the procural of a copy of "LOVE AFFAIRS OF THE VATICAN," from the House of Gowrie, I received the enclosed card which seems to bear mute evidence of what Roman Catholic restriction in literature really means.

Thurland & Thurland, 1463 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Illinois, are the successors of the old firm. You may rest assured Mr. Watson, that I will eventually procure a copy if one is to be had. It took me nearly two years to get one restricted book, so I can afford to wait for this one.

Wishing you success and congratulating you upon your splendid and manly stand in the Leo Frank case, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
HENRY L. SEIBERT.

Lakewood, O.

"The enclosed card" reads thus:

(Keep this for remembrance.)

House of Gowrie has quit business—under pressure of Postal Dept.

It sold too many anti-Catholic books—of the superior kind.

"THE HOUSE OF GOWRIE"
364 Wendell St., Chicago
Publishers, Booksellers, Importers.

Before the P. O. Department had put The House of Gowrie out of business, I had secured from it a copy of Dr. Rappoport's great work, "The Love Affairs of the Vatican."

There is no obscenity in it. Beyond all comparison, it is more inoffensive to morals than such everyday-passengers through the mails as the French novels of Zola, Dumas, Maupassant, Balzac, and DeKock; such English novels as James', Fielding's, Defoe's, and Smollett's; such dramas as Congreve's and Shakespeare's.

"The Love Affairs of the Vatican" is a book which relates the notorious amours of immoral popes, just as history has to tell about the vices of Tiberius, Peter the Great, Louis XV., Charles II., and the Regent of Orleans.

The popes were men like ourselves, and many of them were *not* so very licentious.

Many of them *were*.

Dr. Rappoport tells it all, and it would seem that Uncle Sam objects.

If you want the book, and will write to P. Stammer, 61, 4th Ave., New York, you'll get it.

ONE PAPAL BLESSING GONE WRONG.

A rank heretic wrote for one of those blessed medals which ward off all diseases, accidents, calamities, &c. He got it, with this sweet note:

St. Joseph's Academy
Emmitsburg, Maryland.

Dear Sir: We are sending under separate cover, copy of Bulletin of the Holy Agony which will give you price list. Samples please find enclosed. The medals are blessed. Will be glad to give you any further information desired.

Yours respectfully,
SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Jan. 29, 9115.

I have the medal: it is a cute little pewter thing, with a raised figure of Mary the Jewess, whom the Catholics worship.

THE SAME CATHOLIC, JESUIT, AND 4TH DEGREE KNIGHT OF COLUMBUS STILL ON DECK AT THE WHITE HOUSE!

Nutley, New Jersey, Jan. 22, 1916.

Mr. Joseph Patrick Tumulty,
Secretary to President Wilson,
Washington, D. C.

Sir: When the delegation made up of Thomas F. Durning, A. F. Laddy, John F. Cox, Edmund A. Whittier, and myself **talked with you in the White House office** January 3, you listened to what we had to say in **the Newark Post Office Matter,** and then without advancing a single argument against the candidate for whom we spoke, except the suggestion that we should have come down with more than one candidate, stating that **your real reason for favoring John F. Sinnott was**

that you wished to favor a member of your religious faith, who had taken a position with regard to certain officials of your church with whom you were in sympathy.

Now that it appears that you have deliberately gone ahead and thrown the weight of your influence where you said you would throw it, I do not propose to remain silent, but will denounce openly a policy with regard to patronage which is already, as many believe, jeopardizing the political future of President Wilson, for whose wise and courageous handling of the great governmental questions at home and abroad no one has more enthusiasm and admiration than, very truly yours. (Signed)

LEWELLYN E. PRATT.

ESCAPE FROM CONVENT.

Following receipt of a telegram yesterday from a probation officer at Columbus, Ohio, Detectives Ellenreider and Mamman went to 816 West Ninth street and arrested four negresses, who are said to have escaped from a convent in that city. They were registered as Martha McClary, 21 years old, Dayton, Ohio; Tudie Scales, 19 years old, Pittsburg Tenn., and Vernia Sloan and Dorothy Taylor, both 19 years old, Columbus. The girls declared they were tired of convent life.

Even the negro women get tired!

If the young buffs cannot stand the virgin priests, it must be strenuous, inside.

State inspection? Never!

Too many tales are being told out of school already.

But let me ask: What right did those policemen have to arrest the escaping negresses and fling them back into servitude?

The Constitution of the Union, and of every State, guarantees liberty to the citizen, but the Roman church, *an entirely foreign affair*, comes into our country with *medieval institutions, which were imposed upon Europe before the dawn of modern civilization;* and our municipal authorities aid this foreign church in perpetuating those abuses of the Dark Ages!

It is appalling.

Municipal police, and the Juvenile Courts, secretly controlled by Rome, are nullifying personal liberty laws that are older than the U. S. Government.

How many Protestants are protesting?

FROM THEIR OWN LIPS, CATHOLIC GOSSIP, ST. MARY'S PARISH, PA.

Mrs. —— and Mrs. —— both married Catholic women of families say that, they won't leave the Catholic church—but that, they will never go to Confession again.

Mrs. ——, another married Catholic woman of family says: she will not go to Confession to that man again, as he chased her all around the church, and she had a hard time getting away from him.

Mr. Ryan moved away from the "Hill" after his young wife got mixed up in a very bad scandal with a Priest coming to the house in the day time, while he was away at work; his neighbors made a "laughing stock" of him, on account of his inaction in the matter, until he was finally compelled to move away.

One of the Nuns belonging to St. Mary's Convent finds that, her habit is too small to hide her condition, when she sits down in a street car, and notices that she gets critical looks from lady passengers, and tries to cover up her shame. The Nun's habits are very useful in most cases. There is a reason, they never sin. They are designed especially for a purpose.

The wife of one of our Catholic real estate agents must have a private Confessional at home, her Priest usually calls at 10 A. M., and the front door is always unlocked, this has been going on for three years, or more, this woman has a large family.

We have not heard anything further regarding the Catholic Nun that gave birth to a child, in one of our department stores, have not found out whether it was a boy, or a girl; she took sick in one of the elevators, and was carried to the Ladies Retiring Room, where the event took place, our daily press failed to mention the matter, as usual. The above does not appear in the Pittsburgh "Observer," but should.

Now Mr. Watson, the above are all facts, and names can be furnished in most of the cases It appears that the married Catholic women "talk too much out of school," or church. When matters like the above happen in one small neighborhood, what must the conditions be throughout the country in a general way, if the above is a fair sample.

Yours very sincerely,

AMERICAN.

TEN HERETICS BURNED BY ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS IN *1895*!

Lest we be lulled to sleep by the soothing-syrup assurances of those Catholics who dwell amid Protestant majorities, enjoying the financial benefits of Protestant customers, clients, and partnerships, I will once more remind you that the law of the Roman

church—the same hell-hatched law which massacred the Huguenots in Paris, the Waldenses in the Alps, the Lutherans in Holland, and the Lollards in England—was being enforced by the priests in Mexico, under Dictator Diaz, in the year 1895.

In the Thrice-a-week *World*—New York City—of November 4, 1895, appeared an article headed "TEN HERETICS BURNED."

This article had first appeared in the daily *World*, Nov. 3, 1895.

The article proceeded to tell of the execution by fire of ten Mexicans, "as enemies of the Roman Catholic church."

The priests had demanded their condemnation at the hands of the city judge of Texacapa, "in the name of the Virgin of Gaudaloupe," under the old. permanent, unchanged law which had been in force ever since the pope sanctioned the Inquisition at France, Italy, and Spain.

The names of the "heretics" burned to death by the Roman church at Texacapa, in Nov., 1895, were—

Nicolas Hernandez, Juan Tomas, Martin Santiago, Casper Hernandez, Jose Manuel, Juan Tomas, Jr., Maria Juana, Maria Magdalena, Maria Concepcion, and an infant child.

From the foregoing, you will gather that a father and son were burnt together, that three women were sacrificed to those tigerish priests, and that their satanic hate demanded also the burning of "*an infant child.*"

Such is *the law*, the moral theology, and the practice of this bloodthirsty Papal system—whose Jesuits—as Lord Macaulay said in his famous Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes, are the tireless agents of calumny, treason, rebellion, and assassination.

Catholic Laymen's Associations, in these United States, are harping upon "peace," *in those communities where the Catholics need it.*

They clamor for tolerance, where the barnyard gives them the cock, and ourselves the horse.

In all such barnyards, the Roman cock says to the Protestant horse—

"Let's be careful not to step on each other."

In those barnyards where the horse is Roman and the cock Protestant, the little fowl has no rights which the pope's quadruped is bound to respect.

They have put this fact into an adage, which thoroughly reveals the implacable attitude of Romanism to all Christians who are not footkissing papists.

The saying is this—

"We Catholics claim toleration in Protestant communities, because toleration is a Protestant principle; but we persecute in Catholic communities, because persecution is a Catholic principle."

Thus does Rome revise the Golden Rule, and rewrite it in the words, "Heads I win, tails you lose."

The present "Christ-veiled-in-the-flesh," soon after he changed his family name of James Church for the papal name of Benedict XV., delivered himself at the Vatican of the following tirade against the schools and churches which the Protestants had established in Rome—where modern Romans worship the images of many gods and goddesses, just as their pagan ancestors did:

POPE BITTERLY ASSAILS LATEST ROMAN SCHOOLS.

Declares "Emissaries of Satan" Are Striving to Rob Catholics of Their Faith.

(By International News Service.)

Rome, Nov. 23.—Pope Benedict received a delegation of the Association for the Preservation of the Faith in audience at the Vatican today. Addressing them, the Pope said:

"We would do you a great wrong, children, if we did not believe you fully conscious that faith is a treasure more precious than worldly goods, because faith is the root, the foundation of a Christian life. For this reason, we deem it superfluous to demonstrate that he who robs of faith must be given the name of thief.

"But what else do those emissaries of Satan do here by erecting in the middle of the Holy City temples where God's true cult is denied? By opening pestilential schools to propagate errors among the people and diffuse lies and calumny against the Catholic religion and its ministers?

"These diabolical arts are two. In the first place, there are many attacks upon

the faith of the sons of Rome. These are most dangerous, because frequently more insidious insofar as they are often accompanied by offers of material advantages. Pity the poor father to whom is offered the free education of his children at the cost of their withdrawal from the church. Pity the children, to whom is promised help from their aged relatives on condition that parents and children enroll in the evangelical sect."—**New York American, Nov. 24, 1915.**

What impression does it make on your mind when you see, in a Romanist periodical, a standing advertisement notifying the dupes that, in a certain church, Christ will again be offered up to the Father as a sacrifice, for the benefit of the subscription-list of that periodical?

The following ad. appears on the Editorial page of the magazine, Eternal Light, Indianapolis:

At 6 o'clock every Saturday, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered in the Holy Rosary Church for the intention of subscribers to "Eternal Light."

If an ignorant African made his god out of bread and wine, drank this god out of a cup and swallowed him at the altar-rail, and then invited the worshippers to consider that the miraculous performance was for the benefit of an African Magazine, whose price is $1.50 a year, we would no doubt have some remarks to make, in a feeble effort to describe the abominable blasphemy and sottish superstition involved in the fake miracle.

The real miracle of the 20th century is, the survival of the monstrous myths born in the monasteries during the Dark Ages.

It seems impossible for the modern mind to rid itself of the maggots of monkish medievalism.

Why is it that a sane human being cannot be a devout lover of Right, and of Goodness, without abasing his understanding below the level of aboriginal savages?

The essence of true religion always has been, and always will be, *righteousness, goodness, purity*: why must I degrade my God-given intellect—at the behest of a man whose profession is clerical—and invest that man with supernatural powers, *as a condition precedent to worshipping my God?*

Before a Catholic can kneel to his Maker, he must first kneel to his priest; and before he can worship his Creator, he must believe that his fellow-creature (the priest) can create the Creator.

Not only create Him, but do so for the purpose of eating and drinking Him.

The Disciples at the original Supper did not drink and swallow Christ, but the Roman priests, at the imitative Supper, say that they do; and the law of their church requires them to kill non-believers of this preposterous monstrosity, wherever they have the power to do it safely.

A buxom widow, who is careful in stating that she is only 36 years old, advertises for a bachelor priest, whose house she wants to keep. The ad. appears in the *Sunday Visitor*, the lying sheet which the pope's missionary agents have scattered all over the country.

The buxom young widow's ad. reads:

WANTED position as housekeeper for priest or Catholic family by poor widow 36 years old, with boy 8 years old and girl 10. She desires to keep children with her, and hence will ask but small wages. References. Address: A. T., Our Sunday Visitor.

Three other ads. in the same papal sheet further indicates how the bachelor priests—no convent being convenient—supply themselves with single women:

Priest wants an experienced housekeeper, within easy reach of the city. Good cook. Address, M. C. L., Pittsburg Observer, Third Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Housekeeper between 26 and 36 years old. Fine home, good pay, excellent surroundings. Must have experience. Address, R. C. I., 10721 Cedar Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Position as housekeeper for a priest. Can give best references as housekeeper and first-class cook in city or country. Address, Miss A. M. S., P. O. Box 341, Coraopolis, Pa.

Position as housekeeper by a widow with a child aged 7 years. Speaks German

and can do cooking and baking. Will furnish the best of reference. Address, M. M. H., care Pittsburg Observer.

Suppose that young, unmarried Protestant ministers should shamelessly advertise for young unmarried women to come and live with them, do you think that the word "housekeeper" would fool anybody?

Pay more attention to the personal appearance of these virginal priests, and try to decide in your own mind whether you ever saw any class of men that looked more voluptuous than these coarse-faced fellows.

Ask yourself why it is that the average priest, at forty, is red, bull-necked, thick-lipped, and big in the belly.

Do they *look* to you like men who live *as they pretend to?*

Or do they *look* like men who indulge in rich foods, rich wines, red liquor, and rosy women?

Get *the facts* by the use of your eyes, and apply your common sense to those facts.

Then you will fully understand why the bachelors of Rome object to State inspection of convents.

ARE THERE ARMS SECRETED IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCHES?

From the Crusader, Iola, Kansas.

When I was in Chicago attending the Convention of the Federation of Patriotic Voters in June, 1914, I was on the street wearing the Convention badge. A policeman stopped me and said, "I'd like to speak to you. Can you come back this way in an hour, but take off that badge. I don't want to be seen talking with you with that badge on." I agreed, and came back in an hour with the badge removed. I had quite a talk with him.

Among other things, he told me that fully two-thirds of the Chicago police were Romanists; that he being a non-Romanist had to keep very quiet and submissive or he would lose his job. He told me a lot of things, but among them he pointed out a church and said, "There are over a thousand rifles in that church. I have seen that many, and how many more there may be I don't know." I asked him, "If you are not a Romanist, how did you get into the church to see?" "Any one with a police uniform who will dip his fingers in the Holy Water and cross himself, and kneel at the right places, can go most anywhere in a Catholic church in Chicago," he replied. "I've seen over 100 policemen at a time kneeling down in some of these churches."

"Have you ever heard them say what they propose to do with these arms?" I asked. "Of course they don't tell me very much," he said, but I can listen and hear what is said, and I have had some of them when they were pretty drunk and off duty to tell me a lot that they wouldn't be likely to say if sober, and they have a pretty clear idea that there is coming a time when word will be passed for them to rise and capture the government. Then, too, as one told me when drunk, that it "was always best to be prepared and ready, for there's no telling what might happen. Another, who was pretty drunk, told me he'd like to see me join the church, as it would be a pity to have to kill a decent chap like I was."

He told me that one of them was boasting one time when he was tolerably drunk that the Father had told him that they had most of the officers and a lot of the men in both the Army and Navy and in the State Militia, who were good Catholics; that they had men as secretaries to all the leading officers of the general and the State Governments, and when they were good and ready it would be as easy to capture the whole government as to change your shoes.

A JESUIT IN EVERY U. S. DEPARTMENT.

"A Methodist preacher has a cousin who is a priest, and whose family are Catholics. This Methodist preacher went recently to visit a large city (Washington, D. C.) near which his cousin and family lived. While there he thought that he would make a friendly call on his cousin's family. As he sat in their home there came also to make a call upon them a Jesuit Priest. The latter supposing that all present were Catholics said in a conversation that **his order, (The Jesuit Order) had a representative connected with each of the departments of the U. S. Government at Washington,** whose duty it was **to promote in every way possible the interest of the Roman Catholic church in the department to which he was assigned."**

(Signed) WALLING CLARK.
Madison, New JeJrsey.

The above statement is true.

In his famous Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes, Macaulay characterizes the Jesuits as the emissaries of sedition, calumny, civil war, and assassination.

Because of the criminal nature of this secret papal organization, it was suppressed by Pope Clement XIV. in 1774—*and he died by poison the same year.*

In 1814, when the Papacy was at its lowest ebb, another Pope re-instated the Jesuit order, which really had never disbanded, but had taken refuge in Russia.

The wonderful genius, Thomas Carlyle never wrote a more powerful paper than his essay on Jesuitism. It is a pity so few have read that fierce denunciation of the most satanic organization that hell ever gave birth to.

That it has sent its tentacles into every branch of our public service, no man need doubt: that it terrorizes the daily press, all men can see: that it has the ear of those in Supreme power, *Tumulty can testify!*

Where has Great Britain discovered the most dangerous nest of intrigue against the Allies, whose part our Republic has taken?

In the Vatican, at Rome, *where the Pope and his private secretary, Gerlach, are both Jesuits.*

Who is the ostensible head of this Vatican conspiracy?

Gerlach is. But do you imagine that the Jesuit pope has been ignorant of the machinations of his Jesuit private secretary?

In this connection, remember that the Rev. Edward E. Duff, Romanist chaplain of the U. S. battleship, *Nevada*, boastingly declares in his public lectures, that the priests control 40 per cent. of our Navy.

He said, during his lecture in Philadelphia recently:

"In the navy today there are ten Catholic priests. During last winter, when we were in the South, there were altogether about forty-seven warships, and all told there were about 20,000 men. Now it is estimated that of these 20,000 men **at least forty per cent. are Catholics—forty per cent. of the personnel of the navy are Catholics.** Now these ten priests not only ministered to those on their own ships, but they went to other ships where there were no Catholic chaplains and there sought out and found the Catholic men and saw that they went to Mass and received the sacraments."

Since Duff made his statement, it is my understanding that the number of Catholic chaplains, and of Catholic naval recruits, has been greatly increased.

I think it is safe to say that at least half of the American Navy is now Papal; and the natural result of compelling Protestant boys to attend Catholic services on shipboard, is to make Romanists of them. Not only does the Catholic chaplain use his sweetest oil on the Protestant boys, but where the Captain is also a Catholic, you can see what sort of influence and pressure the boys are under.

I know of two Protestant youths who joined the Navy, from Emanuel County, Georgia, and who were staunch Protestants when they entered. They were Romanists when they got back home.

The sweet oil of the Catholic chaplain, and the commanding influence of the Captain, had done their work.

Soon, the Navy and Army both will be Roman Catholic.

In the meanwhile, our Protestant churches are consumed with a burning zeal for the conversion of China, where Christianity gains about as fast as the torrid zone gains on the frigid.

While Foreign Mission Boards spend twenty-six million dollars a year on educational systems in foreign countries, the Pope spends as much in his campaign to "Make America Catholic."

Needless to say, the Pope's campaign is the more effective.

Book Reviews

"HIS OWN COUNTRY." By Paul Kester. The Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Not since Dixon's "The Clansman," has a book as strong and as graphic in its dealing with Southern atmosphere, Southern characters, and Southern conditions, appeared.

Mr. Kester had really material enough in his book, for at least another; he has been most lavish in the dramatic episodes, and it will be one of the books of the year.

Especially timely is it, in that it deals with the mulatto as a foe to the South. If he had called the book "The Sins of the Father," it would have probably carried nearer the mark.

A fine old homestead in Virginia is on the market; it has been heavily mortgaged, and the regret of the entire community is expressed at the necessity for placing the home on the market. A widow of the old school of gentlewomen, is the owner, and her son is not able to make the place pay for itself.

The home is in the hands of an old devoted friend—Colonel Washington, and he is over-joyed at receiving, from Canada, a bid for the home, "Comorn Hall," with a retaining check of generous proportions.

When the new owner arrives, he proves to be a mulatto "Dr. J. C. Brent," with a white wife, and several mulatto children. At first the community is shocked, but there is a dominant carpet-bagger married to the daughter of one of the prominent families of the place, and the negro is permitted to take possession.

There are two figures that stand out in most pathetic emphasis—"Miss Connie," the harmless, witless daughter of the old owner of Brentwood Hall, and her son—whose father the mother cannot recall, nor whose name even she does not remember.

How the mulatto—former slave of "Miss Connie's" father, is a factor in the tragedy of poor "Miss Connie," is one of the most intensely and cleverly portrayed phases of the book.

The dominant feature of the book is the desire of the negro for social equality with the whites. He is not satisfied to mingle with his own race, and in the mulatto this is so strongly shown, the son of Dr. Brent is not known for a mulatto until his wedding night—when he was to have married the daughter of one of the most prominent families of Weyanoke.

Mr. Kester's book is most timely. The jingoists of the country who are howling so loudly for every thing to join the Army or the Navy, are losing sight of the fact that the negro will seize on this, as a means of securing, in many parts of the country, the social equality, which is his dream.

That we will become a mongrelized nation, is easy to realize, when Mr. Kester's book is read. It is a fascinating book—one of the sort one hates to put down; one of the sort one is tempted to turn to the back pages, to find prematurely, how it all "turns out."

The subject matter has been handled in the masterly style for which Mr. Kester is becoming famous. It is a purely American book, and it will open the eyes of many Northerners to the conditions under which the Southern people are obliged to live, in communtties where the negro predominates. It will show the danger of the "little learning" which will take from the negro his birth-right, and give him instead, the theories of another race which he cannot naturally understand nor appreciate.

While the trend of the book is tragic—and tragic in the most distressing sense, there are some beautifully drawn characters that lighten and make leaven for the whole.

There is a keen sense of humor in the "poor whites" portrayed, and "Granpaw Bird" is a most delightful character. After the disgrace of Dr. Brent, at the negro convention, and the fiasco of his tour of speeches, ended so ignominously at Cleveland, all of which was read from the papers to "Granpaw Bird," that worthy gave vent to the following, anent Brent's denial:

"He was a talkin' backwards when he drapped them words, that's what he was a-doing. I always heard he was a mouthy nigger. Lays his tongue to anything, don't he? But you can't expect nothing more from a hog than a grunt. I ain't got no more use for his opinions, and what you might call his arguments, than what a tick has for a tar-barrel. No sir, he aint got brains enough to grease a gimlet, deed he aint; and he aint got a grain of tack, not a single grain. He can't mix with nobody, North or South, to home or abroad, as you might say, but he fusses with 'em and makes a heap of talk and trouble. If he had tack he'd got on a heap bettern' what he does, 'deed if he wouldn't. I declare I reckon so."

And it is just the negro's lack of "tack" that makes him so overbearingly insolent, when he is with his Northern friends, and that makes him so cordially hated in the South, among the people who were his peoples' friends, in the days when his forbears were useful citizens, and given full credit for what they were.

As Doctor Carmiel, one of the most lovable characters in the book says: "In dealing with this question "(the race question)" the first thing is to realize that there is a difference between the races, a difference as old as time. This man Brent would have you think it is just a question of complexion. He only touches on the

surface of the subject. The negroes haven't got the staying powers for such responsibilities as he would put on them.
* * * * * * * * * *
You've got to understand the absolute difference between the negro and the white man before you can understand why we believe in treating them as we do. Every little advance they make we have to keep them up in; we're the harness that holds them in the shafts. We've hitched them up, but we can't prevent any crazy leader like Brent from driving them down the wrong road, any more than we can prevent them from running away and smashing things." A. L. L.

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